...de Library x

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE PA., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1917. Vol. 48 No 20

AARONSBURG MAN VICTIM OF HORRIBLE ACCIDENT

J. G. Eisenhauer Ground to Pieces in Northumberland R. R. Yard.

WAS A SPECIAL GUARD

Struck and Killed by Fast Newspaper Train One Minute Before Time to Report Off Duty—Leaves Wife and Eight Children.

J. Gillard Eisenhauer, a resident of Aaronsburg, was run down and instantly killed by a fast newspaper train in the Northumberland yards early Monday morning. His body was literally ground to pieces. The sad accident happened just one minute before the time for Eisenhauer to report off duty. He had been employed for the past two months as a special night watchman in the classification yards, taking the position when the railroad company detailed men to guarding bridges, etc., as a result of the declaration of war against Germany.

Eisenhauer was 29 years old. Burial will be made from the Evangelical church at Aaronsburg Friday afternoon. He is survived by a wife and the following children: Merril, of Bellefonte; Clarence and Philip, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. J. Ray Auman, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. C. Arthur Weaver, Marion and Harry at home. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Milton, Sandusky, Ohio; Charles, Friendsville, Kansas; Mrs. Reuben Hare, Sandusky, Ohio; William, Freeburg, Penna.; Mrs. Charles Specht, Shamokin; Mrs. Newton Shanon, South Bethlehem, and Mrs. E. W. Earnest, Beavertown, Pa.

A Pleasing Incident.

Rev. C. M. Gephart, a very pleasant gentleman of Gatesboro, Pa., pastor of the Lutheran church at that place, left for home Friday after visiting friends in Bellefonte and Centre county for about a week. He is a brother of the late M. C Gephart, formerly of Bellefonte and quite well known here. While in this section he visited his aged mother, Mrs. Catherine, wife of the late Jacob Gephart, who resides at Millheim. She was 78 years of age on April 17th. While in Bellefonte he spent a day or so with his cousin, Mrs. L. T. Munson.

One day he made a call at the Lutheran parsonage to pay his respects to Dr. W. M. B. Glanding. He found he was out of town attending Synod. While he was conversing with Mrs. Glanding, David Stine, of Jersey Shore, and Miss Maude Spotts, of Milton, came to the parsonage for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed. Rev. Gephart assumed the responsibility and in a few minutes the young people were made happy and they went on their way rejoicing. However, they didn't leave without compensating the minister by giving him a five dollar bill. Talk about luck and chance, if this doesn't come the nearest to it, we'll take off our hat.

Shot by a Guard.

Levi Lines, aged 16, is in the Lewistown hospital with a bullet wound in his right breast, because he refused to halt when ordered to do so by a private of Company H, Third regiment, on guard at the Pennsy bridge at that place.. Friends of the boy say that he had just crossed the bridge with a pair of shoes one of the guards was sending to another and was returning when the order was given which he did not heed. He had been spending much time with the soldier boys, frequently doing errands for them.

No information was given out as to who fired the shot, pending an investigation by the captain, who is at Denholm. At the hospital it was stated that the wound would not prove serious, the bullet passing through without penetrating the lung.

Valley Road in Bad Shape.

The Tyrone Herald says that persons anticipating auto trips to Bellefonte and State College should travel the Pennsylvania Furnace route as the Bald Eagle valley road is one mass of deep ruts. Near Unionville a lot of slag has been added to the road bed, making the traveling all the more difficult. After awhile those in charge of the highway will get awake and use a road drag. Every rainy season the clay roads between Tyrone and Milesburg become impassable and in order to save the car and persons from injury and ruffled tempers the back road via Pennsylvania Furnace is recommended.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance.

FUNERAL OF FATHER McARDLE

Conducted by Bishop E. A. Garvey of Altoona.

Saturday morning the funeral of the late Father Patrick McArdle took place from the Catholic church and was attended by men of all creeds and professions. Friday the remains lay in state in the beautiful Catholic church in which he took so much pride. The casket was elevated on a high platform and clasped in the hands of the deceased was a gold chalice. Constantly four guards of honor stood by the casket and the remains were viewed by several thousand persons.

About forty-eight priests from various sections of this diocese were present and took part in the requiem mass conducted by Bishop E. A. Garvey, of Altoona. This service was very interesting. Father B. A. O'Hanlon, of State College, who had acted as Father McArdle's first assistant for a number of years, delivered the sermon, paying high tribute to the worth and character of the deceased. Bishop Garvey condoled with the congregation in the sad affliction that had come to the congregation by the death of Father McArdle. He stated it was his purpose to secure a good man to take his place. It is necessary for the applicant to be in the priesthood ten years and pass a very rigid examination in order to become the priest of this church. There are a number of applicants and as soon as the right one appears on the scene he will be ordained. The funeral cortege was very large consisting of the priests, members of the congregation and sisters, the parochial school and citizens of the town and from a distance. He was laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

At the W. C. T. U. thimble bee, held at Mrs. Carson's Wednesday of last week, fifty comfort bags were completed for the soldiers of Troop L, who have joined the troop since the others were given last summe.

Next Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30, the women will meet at Mrs. J. A. Ward's on Curtin Street and continue making comfort bags for the soldier and sailor. All women are cordially invited.

The W. C. T. U., of Bellefonte, has offered their large room in Petriken Hall, free of charge, to the Red Cross for a place to meet and do its work. The chapter or auxiliary will be formed in the near future.

Belgian Relief Fund.

The Belgian Relief Committee of Pennsylvania has promised in the name of the State to feed the starving children of the Province of Antwerp for six months. The committee counts on the co-operation of every city, and town in Pennsylvania. $6 will provide the "Supplemental Meal" to one child for six months and as there are 185,000 children in the Province of Antwerp, Mr. Hoover, who has done so much for the Belgian Relief, considers this supplemental meal vital for the health of these children. Mrs. Robert M. Beach, of Bellefonte, will receive subscriptions from individuals or from organizations and forward them to the Philadelphia Committee.

Missionary Meeting.

Tuesday and Wednesday the annual spring sessions of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Archdeaconry of Williamsport was held in the Bellefonte Episcopal church. It brought together a large number of delegates from different parts of Central Pennsylvania, who are deeply interested in the cause of missions. Tuesday evening the temple of worship was well filled with a large congregation to hear Miss Lapell speak of the conditions in China. She is a very apt and forcible speaker and was listened to with marked attention. The music prepared by Miss Mary Bradley assisted by Miss Dorothy Bible was very much enjoyed. At the close of the services a reception was held in the parish house.

House Garden Stealing a Crime.

Representative Powell, of Luzerne, has introduced in the House at Harrisburg by unanimous consent a bill to make it a misdemeanor for a person to steal or destroy any seed or plants from gardens or farms. The penalty is fixed at a fine of $100 or imprisonment for not over a year. Mr. Powell said that the bill was aimed to punish persons who have been tearing up gardens. The bill was passed for the first time.

No Person Blamed.

No person is blamed for the Pennsy wreck at Mt. Union on February 27th, according to the report announced Friday by the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, D. C., but the collision was due to lack of automatic signalling devices, the probers state.

CLARENCE COAL MINER HANGS HIMSELF ON TREE

Mike Seporic Committed Suicide in Spectacular Manner.

QUARRELED WITH WIFE

Unhappy Domestic Relations Terminated in Sad Tragedy—Before Killing Himself Chased Wife from House With Butcher Knife.

Last Thursday afternoon the prosperous little town of Clarance was the scene of considerable excitement when it became known that Mike Seporic, a Slav, of near that place, had committed suicide by hanging. He was employed in Kelley Bros. coal mines at Cherry Run, about one and a half miles from Clarence. From what we can learn Seporic and his wife had not been getting along harmoniously for about a year. They had frequent quarrels and he often chased his wife from the house. Wednesday of last week they had some difficulty and he again drove her from the house. Being afraid to go back she remained at a neighbor's house over night. Thursday morning, after he had gone to the mines, she returned to the house. About 2 o'clock her husband came home and soon they began talking over their troubles again. While in a rage of passion the husband secured a butcher knife and started for her, but she fled. He followed but failing to find her he returned to his home, and going to the stable secured a good sized rope. From there he went a short distance to a hemlock tree which he climbed and tied the rope to a limb high above where he stood. Making a noose and placing it around his neck he jumped. His neck was broken and he died instantly.

A large number of foreigners gathered at the place and watched the dead man dangling at the end of the rope but nobody made an effort to cut him down. It seems there is a superstition among some foreigners that when a man is dead, to touch him brings on some great calamity. Soon after the tragedy County Treasurer David Chambers appeared and cut down the body and had it prepared for burial.

Assault and Battery Case.

Friday evening quite a large number of persons gathered at the office of Squire G. W. Rees to witness and hear a rather unique hearing before the justice who made things rather interesting for those present. It was an assault and battery case in which Mrs. Pete Warrick, an Italian, and Mrs. Mike Benzick, a Hungarian, who rasides on Buffalo Run, became tangled up with one another last Thursday morning over a penknife which one of Mrs. Warrick's children had taken from a child belonging to Mrs. Benzick.

This trouble brought together the two mothers and the result was that pokers, dish pans, plates and other missles were flying about as if they had wings. Finally, as a last resort, they began pulling hair and Mrs. Warrick pulled enough from the head of Mrs. Benzick to make a fair switch. In fact it was almost unbelievable that such a thing could occur but the facts were there. It made Justice Rees scratch his head and look through his glasses several times before he fully realized the true status of the case. On the table lay the long bunch of hair which almost made the Justice shiver every time he gazed at it. S. D. Gettig conducted the prosecution and intimated that if he had that much hair pulled from his head he would have to wear a wig. Justice Rees thought the best way to come to a settlement was for the defendant to pay the costs which amounted to $15.92. That was the price of a good switch.

Brockerhoff Suit Withdrawn.

The suit instituted several months ago by Joseph M. Brockerhoff and Miss Mary Brockerhoff against C. Y. Wagner, and which was scheduled for trial at the May term of court, has been withdrawn by counsel for the plaintiffs. The proposed suit involved the sale price of a quantity of wheat stored by Mr. Brockerhoff in the Wagner mill. Differences over the sale price of the wheat resulted in Mr. Wagner retiring from the mill which he had rented from the Brockerhoffs for many years.

Strike Off.

The strike at the Avis car shops has been called off and many applied for their old jobs. Some are employed in setting up the machinery again and getting ready to open and the shops presented a lively appearance. Most of the old men will be re-employed.

ENTHUSIASM REIGNS AT METHODIST CENTENNIAL

Largely Attended Meetings Held in Honor of Anniversary.

BISHOP McDOWELL HERE

Noted Divine to Preach Friday Evening Patriotic Services Tonight with an Address by Dr. George Edward Reed, of Harrisburg.

The ushering in of the Centennial of the Bellefonte Methodist church on last Sunday was fraught with a little disappointment to the pastor, Dr. Ezra H. Yocum, and the congregation, but the old adage "Behind every cloud there is a silver lining" was once more verified. Much stress had been placed on the coming of Bishop John W. Hamilton, D. D., L. L. D., of Washington, D. C., who was to touch the spiritual button and thus start the festivities of the week by occupying the pulpit morning and evening. Dr. Yocum Saturday received a telegram stating that Bishop Hamilton was ill and cancelling the engagement. Dr. Yocum like the patriarch of old, bridged the chasm by preaching in the morning and securing Dean Arthur Holmes, of State College, to preach in the evening.

Monday evening J. K. Johnston presided and an address was made by Robert A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio, who told his experience how on the 22nd, of February, 1857, he arrived in Bellefonte. It was interesting and we are sorry that limited space forbids going into details. His reminiscences of Bellefonte in its earlier days was listened to with rapt attention. Other short addresses were made by S. B. Miller and C. C. Shuey. The historical address was made by Dr. Yocum. It revealed much study and careful research. Among the interesting features was the advancement made in the membership of the church during the past hundred years. In 1820 the first Methodist church was erected in Bellefonte. It stood on the left side of east High street, opposite the jail. In 1853 it was torn down and a new church built on the same site. In 1875, the present church was erected, George W. Miller, being pastor. In 1817, there were but 7 members. In 1853, 100. In 1870, 130. In 1880, 201. In 1890, 370. In 1900, 431. In 1910, 483 and in 1917, 712.

The closing paragraph of Dr. Yocum's interesting historical sketch will give the reader some idea of the many people who have passed away during the last century who at one time or other had been connected with the local Methodist church: "During the century quite two thousand Methodists (including the little ones who are the best of us, living and dying) have passed from our homes here among the hills to the heavenly heights. Twice that number have gone out to people other towns, cities and country neighborhoods, and many of them in other States, and a majority of these from their new earthly homes, have passed on to the home eternal. Quite eight thousand persons, younger and older, have during the century, had a place in the constituency of this venerable church. The members and adherents of today are only a fraction of the aggregate. A large portion of these thousands were converted at the altar of this church, in the many evangelistic meetings and campaigns of the century. The spiritual harvests of this old church are in the main already garnered above. And now it remains for us who tarry, and for those who shall succeed us, to do our part in the bringing in the Kingdom of God, as they did their part, and to win our crowns as they have won theirs."

Tuesday evening a fraternal service was held, Rev. T. H. McLeod presiding. Addresses, appropriate to the occasion, were made by Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church; Dr. W. M. B. Glanding, of the Lutheran church, Dr. F. L. Pattee, of State College, and Rev. W. A. Lepley, of the Milesburg Methodist church.

Wednesday evening the subject was "Our honored ministers." Rev. S. B. Evans, of Tyrone, presided. Forcible addresses were delivered by Rev. W. A. Houck, Rev. B. C. Conner, D. D., Rev. J. B. Stein, D. D., and Rev. W. A. Carver. This (Thursday) evening Rev. George Edward Reed, D. D., L. L. D., of Harrisburg, will address a patriotic meeting. Friday evening, Bishop William F. McDowell, D. D., L. L. D., will speak.

A. G. Morris, of Bellefonte, who had been housed-up for several weeks, with a severe cold, is out again and is feeling better.

BIG BARREL OF FUN

Academy Minstrels Will be Simply Great—Wealth of Songs and Jokes.

The annual appearance of the Bellefonte Academy minstrels, booked for Garman's Opera House Friday evening May 25th, gives promise of proving to be the best show of the season. For genuine, old-fashioned minstrelsy it will be a revelation to the big crowd that always turns out to see the Academy boys on their biggest night of the year.

It usually is the case, even with the professional minstrel show, that the opening numbers are fine and the remainder of the program is dragging and lifeless. Right here is where the Academy boys will hand the crowd an eye-opener, for they have arranged an after-piece that will be every bit as funny as the first numbers. The rehearsals have leaked out just enough to indicate that the songs will make a hit and the clog and fancy dancing will alone be worth the price of admisssion.

Don't fail to attend the big show. The chart will be opened promptly at 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, May 24th. Positively no seats purchased or reserved before that hour.

Memorial Services.

At the regular meeting of Gregg Post, 95, May 12th, action was taken for the observance of Memorial Day as follows:

Sunday morning, May 27th, Post 95, escorted by Camp 887, P. O. S. of A., will attend Divine service at the Reformed church. On same date a detail from the Post will hold Memorial services at Meyer's cemetery at 2 p. m.; Shiloh 3.30 p. m., and Pleasant Gap at 5.30 p. m.

Memorial Day, May 30th, all patriotic organizations are hereby invited to participate in the grand parade. Troop L, Logan and Undine fire companies, P. O. S. of A., public schools, Red Cross and any other, and all persons having a spark of patriotism in their bosoms, are cordially invited to join the Post in honoring our comrades who have passed away. The parade will form in public square at 1.30 p. m. and will move to the Union cemetery at 2 p. m. After short services there the parade will return to Court House where the annual memorial address will be delivered by Rev. Ezra H. Yocum, D. D.

The Post invites all who can contribute flowers to send or leave them at the Post rooms on Tuesday, May 29th. No flowers are too rare or costly to bedeck a soldier's grave.

Sunday, June 3rd, memorial services will be held by the Post 95 at Snydertown at 10.30 a. m.; Hublersburg 2 p. m.; and Zion at 4 p. m.

Good speakers will be in attendance at all these cemeteries to address those present. Friends and patriots prove your loyalty by your presence at these services. By order of

AMOS GARBRICK, Commander.
EMANUEL NOLL, Adjutant.

Sentenced to Death.

Mike Dennery, better known as the "Big Swede," the hobo found guilty last February of killing John Rowles at a shanty in Clearfield on the night of January 31, 1916, was on Friday morning sentenced to death in the electric chair by Judge Singleton Bell, of Clearfield.

Dennery was apparently unaffected and turned and walked to his seat. After a short consultation with his client, Attorney Liveright announced that an appeal from the sentence would be taken to the Supreme court just as soon as the papers in the case could be prepared. It will then be several months before the case will be finally disposed of and a new trial may be the result should the Supreme court find reason to reverse the lower court's finding.

Change in Schedule.

After May 26th, there will be some changes in the schedule of the Pennsylvania railroad. Among them will be the night train, that arrives now in Bellefonte at 8.25 will run through to Williamsport instead of remaining at Lock Haven. The Snow Shoe train, that now comes to Bellefonte in the evening, will be taken off entirely. The train from Snow Shoe will meet the morning and noon trains at the Intersection, thus there will be no way getting to Snow Shoe by train in the evening, after that date.

Base Ball Friday.

Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock Bellefonte Academy and University of Pittsburgh freshmen at Hughes field. Teams evenly matched and a close game predicted. The attendance at games on the local field this season has barely paid more than five percent of the traveling expenses of visiting teams. Let the public turn out and make the crowd at tomorrow's game a hummer. It will be a game well worth seeing.

TO BUILD BRICK PLANT NEAR PORT MATILDA

Laurel Run Refractories Company To Begin Operations.

BUY AMMERMAN FARM

Plan to Break Ground for New Industry Next Week and Have Plant in Operation November 15—Expect to Employ 200 Men.

A new industry for Centre county will be launched next week at which time ground will be broken for a large brick manufacturing plant, near Port Matilda. The plant will be operated by the recently incorporated Laurel Run Refractories Co. The incorporators are I. L. Harvey, former Judge Orvis, E. Harvey and C. W. Keller. They expect to have the plant running by November 15th, next.

In the last few days the company has purchased from G. G. Ammerman, of near Port Matilda, his entire farm on the Beckwith estate. It is said that the company will employ about two hundred men.

Boys and the Farm.

War is a tremendous curse, but it has some alleviations. One of the virtues that Americans are likely to pluck out of this dangerous moral nettle is the return of the boys to the land. At the present moment many boys and girls in the cities and towns are making gardens upon land kindly donated by public-spirited men and women. The country districts are also receiving a goodly number of city boys who are undertaking to display their patriotic spirit by enlisting for service on the farm. Every worth-while lad who gets a taste of farm life will feel like returning to it each recurring year and the influence of rural life in childhood is likely to develop a new race of American farmers. The cry of a few years ago, "Back to the land," met with very feeble response, but this year the situation is quite different. Look for results.

Red Cross Meeting.

Saturday evening a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Court House. After a general discussion as to whether Bellefonte should be a separate chapter or be an auxiliary to some large one, it was decided it should be the latter. It will become a branch of the New York City chapter and this will illuminate much expense and at the same time the home chapter can do just as effective work. If anything is to be made for the soldiers the material will be sent here to be made up.

During the recent Red Cross membership campaign in Bellefonte $1000 was raised. There was a liberal response and had the campaign been more systematized the result would have been more remunerative.

The Needlework Guild.

The Bellefonte branch of the Needlework Guild of America commenced war relief work on February the 22nd. Up until this time the total number of finished surgical dressings is 1630, including hospital night-shirts and garments for the refugees. The W. C. T. U. Thimble Bee and the sewing circle of the Reformed church have given kind assistance. A box of 434 articles has been sent to France. The work on hand is for the Red Cross branch. The Guild will continue war relief work indefinitely.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

Jacob E. Klinger, Edna M. Meyer,	Lemont "
Ira T. Behrers, Ivalu B. Way,	Port Matilda Stormstown
Fay M. Irwin, B. Fay Irwin,	Snow Shoe "
Chester L. Robeson, Helen C. Farmer,	Harrisburg "
Willard Smith, Florence R. Martz,	Centre Hall Tusseyville
David R. McCool, Mary B. Harshberger,	Spring Mills Potters Mills

High School Alumni Association.

On Tuesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, there will be a meeting of the Bellefonte High School Alumni Association. It will be held in the library in the High School building, and it is earnestly hoped there will be a large turn-out.

Mrs. John I. Olewine will leave Bellefonte next week for Champain, Ill., to visit her son Harris Olewine, who is teaching in the Illinois University at that place, and who will probably be called from there to enter the war as a chemist.

ANNUAL W. C. T. U. CONTEST

Carolyn McClure and Nevin Noll Each Secure $5 in Gold.

The following boys and girls took part in the annual W. C. T. U. Prize Essay Contest held in the High School auditorium Friday afternoon, May 4th—Cordelia Alexander, Mary Hartswick, Carolyn McClure, Katherine McClellan, Dorothy Stover, Malcolm Yeager, John Nasen, Howard Wetzel, Nevin Noll and Malcolm Young.

Over a hundred essays were written by the pupils of the freshman and sophmore classes on the subjects of alcohol and tobacco. From these were chosen, by a competent committee of six, the best essays. From these ten three judges selected the best one written by a boy and a girl to each of whom was awarded, by the Bellefonte W. C. T. U., a prize o five dollars in gold. Carolyn McClure was the winner of the girl's prize and Nevin Noll the boy's.

The high school orchestra added much to the pleasure of the afternoon by pro viding the music for the occasion.

More than one hundred years ago in 1798, an Indian chief named Mechecunnequa, called "Little Turtle" by the white people, journeyed from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to Philadelphia to see the President. He said that during the preceding year three thousand of his Miami Indians had been destroyed by liquor, and he came to plead with President Jefferson. The President sent a special message to Congress about the matter, and in 1802 an act was passed giving the president the power to take steps to stop the sale of liquor in the Indian country. That was the first law passed by Congress to control the liquor traffic in any way.

Something like this happened in England years ago, when a great chief of Africa journeyed all the way to England to ask Queen Victoria to forbid her people to sell liquor to his people, because the African people were being ruined by it. It seems that these chiefs were quicker to recognize the evil effects of alcohol upon their race than some of the rulers of civilized nations are.

It used to be thought that alcohol taken in moderate quanties was a strengthening food and quite a necessity for people who had hard work to do. It was given regularly to soldiers to sustain them in their long marches, and sailors had their daily allowance of "grog." Doctors ordered it for their patients and used it largely in hospitals.

Within the last fifty years careful investigation made by eminent scientists and numerous experiments upon animals have shown that it is not a true food at all, and that its effects upon the body are harmful. This has at last aroused the attention of the whole world and especially wise rulers.

In nearly all progressive countries there is agitation against alcohol, for it is believed this is necessary in order to check certain diseases and crimes which have been increasing rapidly in civilized nations. The people who know the dangers of alcohol have formed anti-alcohol leagues and societies and are educating the people by means of lectures, newspapers, magazines, and statistical charts showing the effects of alcohol upon the body, mind, and character, and also its effects upon the community and the nation.

The effects of alcohol upon one who takes it habitually in large quantities are easily to be seen in the bleared eyes, trembling limbs, and complete change of character of the drunkard. He loses his self respect, becomes ragged and dirty, and neglects and ill-treats his family. Do you think it is desirable to have such men in the community?

Even the moderate drinker is likely to suffer in painful ways of which you will learn when studying the human body.

But the drunkard is not the only sufferer from the alcohol that he drinks. Others have often to suffer for it even more than he does. In fact, the whole community, where he lives, feels the effects of it more or less.

In the first place, the money that ought to be spent to make a comfortable home for his family and to buy food and clothes for his children goes into the saloon. The alcohol that he buys with it steals away his brain power and his strength. After a time he loses the power to earn money. His family suffer for food, clothing, and perhaps shelter.

When the father is a drunkard, the mother usually has to take his place and work to support the family. She has no time to care for her children and to keep the home clean and neat.

A worker in the cause ot temperance, in telling how she was led to take up this work, said: I wanted a piece of ribbon once for my hair, as other little girls had. I asked my mother for it. She told me the money for my ribbon had gone into the saloon. Again I wanted a little white parasol, as other girls had. Your parasol is in the saloon, my mother said, I went out into the woods and cut the white flower from an elder bush and played it was a parasol. My father saw me playing with it and struck me. I became unconscious. When I awoke my head and arms were bandaged and my mother was watching over me. I heard her say. "A drunkard's home is no place for a child." I resolved to dedicate my life to fighting saloons. You see how this child was made to suffer by alcohol being sold in that community?

Other people have to pay the drunkard's bills and support his family. It costs the city of London five million dollars a year for the expense of its drunken paupers. Sir Victor Horsley says: No teetotaler has been admitted to gigantic work-house at Wadsworth, London. Statistics show that 48 out of every 100 that enter the poorhouse of this country are brought there by alcohol.

In the manufactor of alcohol, millions of bushels of grain that would otherwise be used for food are wasted.

In the years 1809-1810 and again in 1813-1814, there was a famine in Ireland. The distilleries were stopped, on the ground that they wasted the grain that might otherwise be used by the people as food. A remarkable result of the closing of the distilleries was this. During those years there was a tremendous increase in the amount of money spent in dry goods, blankets, cotton goods, sugar, groceries, hardware, crockery and other necessities. The money that would have gone for alcohol was spent in supplying the homes with necessities of life. This seems to show that a year of scarcity without alcohol is better for the people than a year of plenty with alcohol.

When the men at the Missouri Penitentiary were asked how many of them were there on account of liquor, two thirds of their hands went up.

The insane asylumn is another institution that alcohol helps to fill. Insanity is increasing and this is chiefly due to the use of alcohol.

The drunkard not only injuries his own brain but he hands down his mental unbalancement to future generations. It is estimated that 50 per cent, or one-half, of defective children in the country have had alcoholic parents.

When we come to the hospitals, we find the same thing as in the poorhouses, jails, and insane asylumns.

KATHRYN MCCLELLAN.

BACKING UP PROOF

The Kind that Bellefonte People Cannot Deny.

Many an earnest Bellefonte man or woman has publicly endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills.

Week after week, month after month you've read their statements.

Would these Bellefonte people recommend any medicine if it were not good?

Would they confirm and repeat their statements after years had passed?

Local proof is good evidence.

Testimony confirmed years after is better evidence.

The following Bellefonte man's statement leaves no room for doubt.

It must convince every kidney sufferer who reads it.

If your back aches—if your kidneys are weak, profit by Mr. Rine's experience:

James H. Rine, carpenter, 239 High St., Bellefoute, says: "My back was so weak I couldly hardly put my shoes on. I had severe pains through my limbs and could hardly drag myself around. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., cured me."

Over Three Years Later, Mr. Rine said: "I have had no occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills since they cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rine has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stockholders Heavy Losers.

Stockholders in the African Ostrich Farm and Feather company, of Bloomsburg, a $1,000,000 Arizona corporation, in which more than $100,000 was invested, will not receive one cent, according to the report of I. Clinton Kline, of Sunbury, the master appointed to make distribution of $20,518.47 in the hands of L. S. Walter, of Mt. Carmel, who has been receiver for the property for more than a year.

Many of the stockholders are women and wage earners. They are distributed from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, including Altoona, WilkesBarre, Shamokin, Sunbury, Harrisburg, Bloomsburg, Selinsgrove, Rochester and Huntingdon.

Unsecured creditors get 16 per cent. of their claims.

Great things were promised for the concern, promoted on a co-operative basis by William H. Hile, its president, about ten years ago. Farms and an office building were bought, ostriches imported from Africa by Hile personally, and riches were promised.

One Hundred Cows Die.

Veterinarians in Bedford county are kept busy these days treating cows poisoned in an effort on the part of their owners to kill lice. Liquid lice killer sprayed over the cows worked through the skin and to date has killed a hundred head of choice dairy stock in various parts of the county.

It takes about two months for the poison to become absorbed through the skin and as a rule the cows become ill and die before the ailment is learned.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25c and 50c at all stores.

Advertise in "The Republican"

BRIDLE THE TONGUE

Don't Censure the Boy for Not Enlisting.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger suggests that such of the daily newspapers as are continually casting reflections on the so-called "slacker" might easily be engaged in better business. He doubts the propriety of abusing as a coward any man who has not been directly asked by the government to enlist and he believes more progress would be made by appealing to patriotic motives than by sneers and jibes.

The Evening Ledger correspondent is quite right. Very few young Americans are cowards. Cowardice seldom runs in the blood of the young American. When a man from 17 to 31 finds himself confronted by an opportunity to render signal service to his country on the field of honor he seldom thinks of the peril or the turmoil of battle. He is all for adventure. And then he is also a lover of his country and of the institutions for which she stands. You remember your own boyhood, veteran soldier?

There are young men in this country today—thousands of them—whose hearts are hot within them, whose cheeks are aflame with wrath at fate, who are anxious to go to the war but who are tied by chains that cannot be broken. Some are the sole support of aging mothers or of small brothers and sisters, the father having left this world. These find it expedient to listen to the dictates of their impassioned hearts. They cannot shake off the burdens that the passing years have fastened upon their shoulders. Nor does the government desire them. And so there is nothing left for them but to stay at home. Perhaps you can sympathize with them. No "slackers" these.

Many mothers are brave as their sons. They share the spirit of Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author, who having one son in the federal service, was reluctant to forward the plans of a younger son at the first, but who summoned all her patriotism to her aid and gave the lad her blessing and godspeed in the endeavor to be useful to his country and the righteous principles for which it stands. But a great many are not so resolute. Their boys are as dear as the apples of their eyes. Their mother hearts are overflowing with love for their children. Why only the other day they were wee babes; surely they have not grown up; surely the country does not need them now. And sometimes it is this mighty mother-devotion holds them back.

In many instances the heart of the young man is as tender as it is brave. He loves his country, but he loves his mother also. And her nervous anxiety impresses him so that he concludes to wait awhile; wait until the universal service act goes into effect; wait until the country itself calls him to the colors or until his mother's heart has become a little bolder and she realizes the honor and the glory that are sure to crown the memories of the American heroes who gave themselves utterly for France and freedom. Why call such a man a "slacker?" And who is the masked individual who hurls the contemptuous epithet at one of whose circumstrnces he knows nothing, concerning whose patriotism he is no judge?

No Escaping the Law.

To dispose of any fear that county and city registration boards will exercise favoritism in enrolling soldiers under the selective draft act, Provost Marshal Crowder issued a statement last Thursday night, declaring such practices would be virtually impossible because of the explicit terms in which the act is drawn. He warned registration officials that favoritism easily could be detected and would be punished with heavy penalties.

"Every precaution," said the statement, "will be taken to make it certain that the registration will be conducted with exact justice.

"The law is specific and allows no latitude to the boards, either in the matter of registration or in the later matters of exemption from service. In fact, the law is self-executing. Every man within the age limits fixed by the selective service act must register and the penalty of the law for evasion of registration, will fall, not only on the man who fails to appear, but on any member of a registration board who may be shown to be in collusion with the person who attempts to escape his duty.

"The law provides the penalty of imprisonment with no alternative of a fine for any official or any registered man who shall make a false return or connive at such a practice. The safeguards against favoritism or evasion are ample."

Age Limit Fixed.

Fixing the conscription age limit at from 21 to 31, the House and Senate conference committees on this important piece of military legislation reached a compiete agreement last Thursday, breaking a deadlock of more than a week.

Besides agreeing on the age limit, on which each side gave way, the terms of the agreement are as follows:

The Fall amendment providing a cavalry patrol of three regiments for the border service also goes out of the bill.

The army prohibition amendment stays in the bill, prohibiting the selling of liquor to soldiers.

FLORIDA OF RUSSIA

The Historic Crimean Peninsula of the Black Sea.

HORRORS OF ITS GREAT WAR.

In This Famous Conflict Soldiers Died Like Flies From Disease and Florence Nightingale Won Her Crown of Glory on the Battlefield.

"Hanging down into the Black sea like a butcher's cleaver, with its handle pointed east and the near corner of the blade joined to the mainland of Russia, the Crimea, where it was first planned to exile the czar when he abdicated, is about as near to being an island as a peninsula well can be, even though a very narrow strait is the only water that lies between it and a second connection with the mainland. On the one side—to the west—lies the Perekop gulf, and to the east, shut out from the Black sea by the handle of the cleaver, is the sea of Azov."

Thus the Crimea is outlined in a bulletin by the National Geographic society from its Washington headquarters for geographic research, concerning this Florida of Russia jutting out into Europe's inland sea.

"With an area matching that of New Hampshire, a population equal to that of New Hampshire and Vermont together and a climate that borrows good features from Florida and southern California and bad ones from many places, the Crimea is one of the most fascinating bits of territory between Portugal and Cochin China. Its populace a congress of races, its industries ranging from the growing of subtropical fruits and the housing of Russia's elite as they flee from the cold, to the herding of sheep and the growing of grain, it is a place of many sided activities.

"As the men of wealth of America have their winter homes in Florida and those of western Europe have theirs along the Riviera, the people of position in Russia have their country seats in the Crimea. And beautiful places they are, for in Russia the rich are very rich. The height of the social season is from the middle of August to the 1st of November.

"The peninsula is occupied by 855,000 people, according to the last census, mostly Turkish speaking Tartars, with a scattering of Russians, Greeks, Germans and Jews. Cleanliness and morality are said to be proverbial traits of the Crimean Tartars, who have been undergoing the influences of Russification for several generations. They have taken up vine culture, fruit growing and kindred occupations with a zeal seldom equaled east of the Aegean.

"Of course most interesting of all things Crimean are its history, its fortress and its imperial palace. In the second century B. C. the Scythians founded a kingdom there, and the land passed through many changes, now under one sovereignty, and now under another, finally passing to the Tartars, who in turn were brought under the rule of the Turks. In 1783 Russia forced the last khan to abdicate and made the Crimea a part of one of her provinces. The Crim Tartars, who give the peninsula its name by reason of their substantial admixture of Greek and other bloods, have lost most of the Mongolian features, being slender in build, possessing aquiline noses, eyes that have lost the oriental slant and countenances not quite so inscrutable as the eastern type.

"In the Crimean war, fought by England, France and Turkey against Russia, the final test of strength came at Sebastopol. Here the factors of unlimited resources operated in the allies' favor. Through their command of the sea they could secure everything needed, while the Russians could bring up their supplies only across the barren steppes, whose highways were marked at every step by the dead and the dying, both man and beast.

"The novels of Tolstoy give a graphic picture of the Crimean war from the Russian viewpoint, depicting the miseries of the march, the anguish of the life in the casemates and the nerve destroying ordeal of manning the lines under shellfire, there to await the night attack that might or might not come. It was in this war that Florence Nightingale rendered services as a nurse that made her name a synonym of ministering angel on the world's battlefields. Then men knew nothing of the cause of cholera and such diseases, and the soldiers died like flies. It is estimated that 50,000 British soldiers lie buried in the cemetery outside of Sebastopol.

"The imperial large palace, to which the dethroned monarch was to retire, is situated at Livadia, surrounded by a magnificent park. It is of recent construction and was completed in 1910. Hard by is the simply constructed small palace, in an upper room of which Alexander III. died. In no other country in the world was the reigning ruler possessed of so many lands or such extensive properties as was the case in Russia."

Have the Habit.

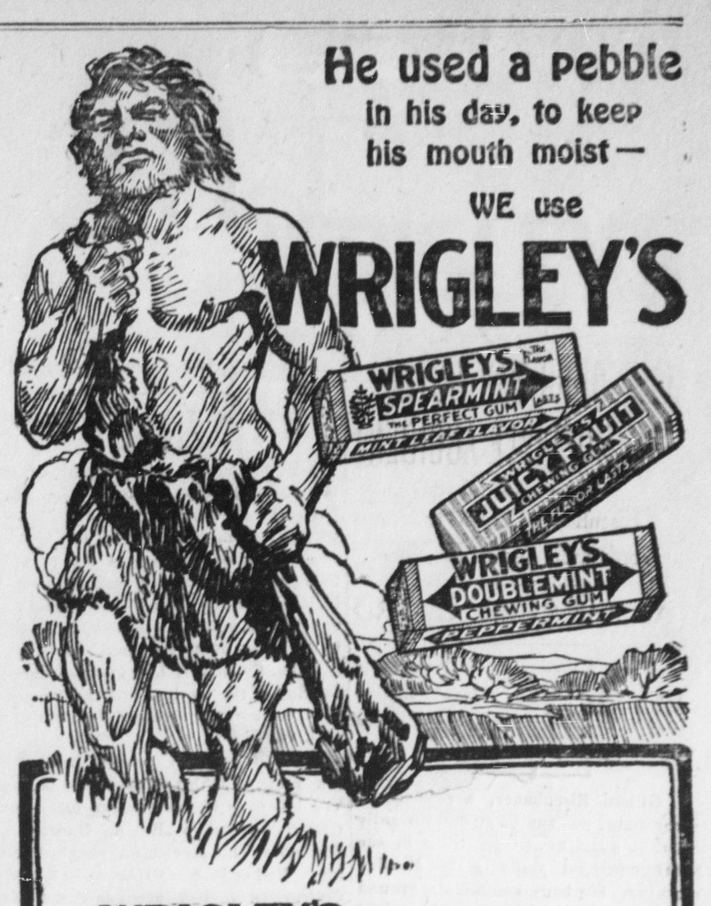
"Have you any late trains out here?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"Sure," replied the suburban real estate agent. "All our trains are generally late."—Philadelphia Record.

Lucky.

He (proudly)—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower. She—Well, it was certainly lucky for you that they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now.—Puck.

It is not the fine, but the coarse and ill spun that breaks.—Spanish Proverb.



He used a pebble in his day, to keep his mouth moist—

WE use

WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT LEAF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT

WRIGLEY'S gives us a wholesome, antiseptic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite, digestion and deliciously soothe mouth and throat with this welcome sweetmeat.

WRAPPED IN UNITED COUPONS

The Wrigley Spearmen want to send you their Book of Gum-ption. Send a postal for it today, Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1732 Kesner Building, Chicago.

The Flavor Lasts!

732

To Fight Scrub Oaks.

In an attempt to overcome the scrub oak growth on the "Barrens" between Waddle and State College, Professor Ferguson, of the Forestry Department, has made an experimental planting of cottonwood cuttings in that region. Their growth will be carefully watched.

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co

206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

$2.50 Round Trip Sunday Excursion TO Harrisburg

Pennsylvania's State Capital

SUNDAY, MAY 27th

The Scenic Environment of this inland city and the Palatial Capitol Building, with its Framed Barnard Statuary and Beautiful Oakley Mural Paintings make this a

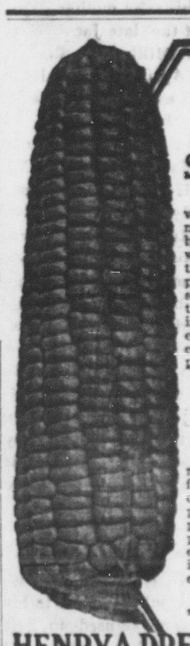
Delightful Sunday Outing

SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES Bellefonte.....6.00 A. M.

RETURNING LEAVES Harrisburg.....6.30 P. M.

See Flyers Consult Agents

Pennsylvania R. R.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

LIBERTY LOAN!

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY A BOND!

The Bellefonte Trust Company will take your subscription for the purchase of a U. S. Bond, pay-3½ per cent interest, in denominations of $100 to $1,000, or in less amounts should the government issue bonds in smaller sums.

You can convert this bond into a future bond payable higher interest.

We'll buy these bonds for you without charge.

Every Man and Woman in this Country Ought to Buy a Bond.

They ought to buy as many as they can carry. They ought to subscribe for them NOW.

DO YOUR BIT! BUY A BOND!

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

MAKING HISTORY

Only It Pertained to Two Persons Instead of a Nation

By ALAN HINSDALE

I was driving my auto along a country road, enjoying the constantly changing scenery. The spring had developed into summer; the leaves on the trees were full blown, birds were singing in the trees, a range of distant hills stood soft and mellow against the horizon, light, fleecy clouds sailed lazily over an azure sky.

I am one of those who love to ride slowly, that I may see each vista, each landscape, have opportunity for enjoying them while I look. I have no patience with those who seem to always be tearing along so rapidly that no sooner does one get an eye on a green velvet slope with cattle feeding upon it than, presto! it has vanished and its place is taken by a ragged height covered with scrub trees, past which the road may be so uneven as to require a three mile an hour gait. Such drivers will get over twenty miles of beautiful scenery in a jiffy, to drag and jolt along beside a quarry or a street lined with hovels.

On this summer morning of which I speak my heart had been warmed by the beautiful flecked sunlight beside the road, and I felt especially charitable toward all the world. I was motoring along a narrow dirt road, but extremely smooth, lined with a broad space of turf on either side to the fences, when I saw before me a feminine figure whose lines and dress indicated that she was a young girl. She was carrying a satchel of ample dimensions on her arm and used a staff. When I came up with her I brought my machine almost to a standstill, she turned her face toward me, and I noticed that it was comely.

"Shall I give you a lift?" I asked.

"Thank you, sir. I have far to go and am aweary," she replied with that Scotch accent which in a woman is especially musical, though from a man the words usually come like bullets from the muzzle of a pistol.

She was about to climb into the rear seat when I opened the forward door, and she took the seat beside me.

"Where do you go?" I asked.

"I dinna know at present," she answered. "I am to meet my brother at Medbury. Where we shall go from there I canna tell."

I got out my road map, asked the girl to unfold it and while I held the wheel with one hand held the map with the other. I saw that Medbury was a matter of ten miles as the crow flies, but it was fifteen by road and nearly thirty by such roads as would be suitable to an auto.

"At what hour do you expect to meet your brother?" I asked.

"This afternoon."

It was 9 o'clock in the morning. I was not required to be at any particular place at any particular time. There was plenty of time to get the girl to her destination before she was due there. She was pretty, her voice was very sweet, and I saw no reason why I should not enjoy her companionship for the greater part of the day instead of riding alone.

I jogged along till we came to a fork in the road, and as I was about to turn into the right road the girl made a move to alight, saying that her route lay over the left road, which was only a lane. I told her that I would take her to her destination over motorable roads, and she consented. Again I examined my road map and laid out a course involving a fifty mile ride, and since I preferred a slow gait we would make Medbury at noontime. As we rolled along I led my companion to talk about herself, for I felt some curiosity concerning her. She was not dressed as a farmer's daughter, and, although her accent was Scotch, it was not a peasant accent. I could not understand why so refined a person should be trudging along on foot, and I did not consider the lonely roads a proper place for a young girl to be unattended.

During our conversation she gave me her name as Edith MacDownell. Her father and mother had come to America from Scotland when she was about ten years old, which accounted for her retaining only a portion of the dialect of her native country. Her father had been a landed proprietor to a very limited extent in Scotland and, having been seized with the desire to extend his possessions, had sold his property and come to America, where the proceeds of the sale would purchase a more extended domain. But it did not appear from what the girl told me that he had utilized his American acres except in devoting some of them in the cultivation of fruit.

As we do not realize that we are making history, so we do not recognize in small events that we are shaping our lives. I often revert to that pleasant summer day when I took into my auto for a lift a girl I had never seen before, intending at the start to set her down where our paths diverged; how I resolved to make her my companion for a ride; how she communicated to me a brief statement as to her social position. It was under the warm sunshine, tempered by a delicious cool breeze, while we rolled along through a beautiful country that I was making history for myself as well as the girl beside me.

In remembering the several small incidents that were tending to divert my life's path from what it had thus far been I have often thought that the matter of good roads played an important part. Had the roads been stony or filled with hollows my attention would have been necessarily fixed on them and my temper would have been sorely tried. Instead the roads were perfect. For miles the dirt roads were dry and hard packed. When we entered upon the turnpikes they were either covered with the finest stone or were of asphalt. My machine worked to perfection. On these accounts I was not only able to give my whole attention to my fair companion, but my heart was free to warm to her.

The history that I was making for myself and my companion was in a way more important to her than to myself. But why this was so I did not learn for a long while afterward. During that eventful day I set her down as a most demure Scotch lassie in whom there was no disposition to act for herself. Indeed, she impressed me as barely having escaped from the nursery.

At noontime we came upon a grove in which stood a cottage, with a sign, Wildwood inn. There were rude tables in the grove, and I inferred that a luncheon would be obtainable, so I turned my machine into the place. A woman with a white cap and apron came out, and I asked her to produce the best she had in her larder.

That luncheon tastes delicious whenever I think of it to the present day. There was an omelet fit for the gods, biscuits such as were never made before north of Mason and Dixon's line, so light that I almost feared they would fly up among the branches of the trees above us before I could get them to my mouth. As for the butter, I doubt if it had been churned an hour. A heartier course was spring chicken served with cucumbers, so that the heat of one was nullified by the coolness of the other, while both heat and coolness were enjoyable. A cup of tea smoothed by the richest cream was what we drank; for dessert a great dish of strawberries as large as walnuts. And all the while I was looking into a pair of brown eyes opposite me and listening to a musical voice.

One thing more of a different kind was needed for our history making. It was not important except in a small way; there was nothing heroic, scenic, lurid, romantic about it. Indeed, it was very commonplace. A punctured tire. Nothing more, nothing less. Who would suppose that so unromantic a happening should have been the capstone of incidents shaping the lives of two human beings? Nevertheless it was.

Never before had I driven without an extra tire. I would not have been without one this time had there not been a delay in filling an order. I had expected one to be delivered to me that morning. It had not arrived, and I was obliged to set out without it. Thank heaven that it was not forthcoming!

I had barely started from the Wildwood inn when one of my forward wheels was let down on the road. Fortunately we were so near the inn that my companion could go back there to wait while I tried to extricate myself from the dilemma. A short distance down the road was a house, where I found a telephone, but I spent a long while before I could get a man to come from a garage with implements to repair the break. And it would not be safe to use the tire for an hour or two after he had done so. It was 3 o'clock before the patch was put on and half past 4 before I dared start again. Then I drove back to the inn and informed Miss MacDownell that we were twenty miles from Medbury, and since I dare not strain the newly patched tire we should have to proceed slowly over such portions of the road that were inferior. It might be 6 o'clock before we reached the place.

"How long will it take to go home?" she asked.

"I can get you back to where I overtook you in an hour," I said.

"Take me home. I dinna care to go to Medbury noo."

"Will you be too late to find your brother?"

"I dinna care to go there noo," was all I could get out of her.

We were fortunate in reaching her home without further mishap. When we came near the house my companion left me and went on alone. Before parting I arranged for a call and another ride. The call I made at an early date, and after that we had many rides together.

One matter turned up a mystery. It soon came out that Edith had no brother. Upon my accusing her of having deceived me she confessed that on the morning I took her into my auto she was going to meet a lover for an elopement.

It was then that I understood her words, "I dinna care to go there noo." And this is why I have said that I was making history more for her than for myself. She changed her intended husband during our ride.

It turned out well for her that I invited her to ride and that the bursting of the tire delayed our reaching Medbury as it did. Had she arrived there at the time appointed she would not have found the man she had expected to meet, for he had no intention of keeping the appointment. Some years after our marriage I learned through friends of my wife that the man with whom she had expected to elope had at that time already more wives than the law allowed. He had been born a gentleman, but was the black sheep of the family. The reason why she wouldn't have found him at the appointed place was that wife No. 2 had got wind of his intention and had had him jailed. I never allowed my wife to know how serious a fate she escaped.

A Civil War Romance

Story For Memorial Day

By F. A. MITCHEL

We used to think the war between the states was the biggest fight the world had ever seen, and until the pan-European fight came, involving the whole civilized world, it was. The war of '61 is now so far behind us that it ranks in period with the war with Mexico, and comparatively few living took any part in it.

Then, too, the southern and northern people have been mingling for the fifty or sixty years since the war. Some northerners have gone south, and a great many southerners have come north. I ran across a story of the great contention the other day, hearing it on northern territory. The hero and the heroine were septuagenarians, but they showed me photographs of themselves that took me back to the days of their youth as effectively as if I saw them when they first met. This is the story:

In the spring of 1862 a division of the Federal army advanced through Bowling Green, Ky., to Nashville and thence to Murfreesboro. At the latter point the army waited while the railroad that had been broken up by the Confederates was being repaired. During the execution of this work the army, with the exception of those engaged in the work, was idle, and, since there was no enemy near, the soldiers were allowed a good deal of freedom.

One day Johnny Warfield, a youngster who had enlisted in the Federal army on the day he was eighteen years old, concluded that he would go out foraging for delicacies, the paymaster having been around. The spring was coming on, and Johnny enjoyed tramping independently with no file closer to tread on his heels and no officer to yell orders at him. The air was balmy, and the sun shone bright. Johnny bent his steps southward partly from curiosity and partly because there were no Confederate forces in the vicinity, and he was as safe in one direction as another, though he was safe nowhere beyond the Federal lines from those independent mounted troops called partisans or from the guerrillas, who robbed friend and foe alike.

Johnny stopped at several farmhouses for the purpose of purchasing eggs, butter, milk and other delicacies, but the women to whom he applied preferred to keep their supplies, when they had them, to themselves and refused to sell. So Johnny went on southward, rejoicing in the warm April sunshine, listening to the singing birds and the hum of insects, till he arrived at one of those double houses so common in the south, with an opening, a porch, between them. Looking over a rail fence that separated the house from the road, he saw a girl working a churn on the porch. She looked to be about fifteen years old, wore her dress not far below the knees, and her hair, held back by a semicircular comb, was cut square around her neck.

"May I have a drink of buttermilk?" asked Johnny.

The girl made no reply, but, taking a tin dipper hanging to a nail, lifted the cover of the churn, filled the dipper with buttermilk and handed it to him. He drank it off and, taking from his pocket some paper war currency issued by the United States government in lieu of silver, offered it to the girl. But she said a drink of buttermilk was not worth paying for and declined to receive the shinplaster.

Liking the looks of the girl, Johnny climbed the fence and went with her to the house. Seating himself in a rocking chair on the porch, he took out his pipe, filled it and sat smoking contentedly. He soon learned from her that he had struck a Union family, and the Unionists of the south were very bitter against their Confederate neighbors. Johnny was given whatever of food there was in the house and was not permitted to pay for anything.

"See hyar, my boy," said the mother of the girl, "ain't yo' takin' a risk comin' down hyar alone? Morgan passed along the road airly this mornin'." (John Morgan was the celebrated Confederate partisan leader.)

Johnny said he hadn't thought much about the risk. He had scarcely spoken the words when a distant tread of horses' hoofs was heard coming up the road. The girl looked at Johnny and turned pale. Her mother beckoned him, and he ran into the house and was secreted in the cellar. Morgan and his men passed the house without stopping and rode on to make one of those dashes against the Union pickets which were a common practice with them.

John did not risk a return to camp for several days, during which he was sheltered and fed by his hosts, the Torbert family, and when he did venture out on the road he was thinking more of Emily Torbert, with whom he had been companionable, than of his safety. When he got back to his command he found it had been supposed he had been captured by the men who had made the raid.

A year passed, during which Johnny Warfield marched with his command into northern Alabama. Then the Union army was driven back into Kentucky, and after the battle of Perryville it started south again. In the summer of 1863 Johnny Warfield found himself again in Murfreesboro. The railroad had again been destroyed by the Confederates, and the army, now a very large one, was again waiting while the road was being repaired. When this was done and the corn was ripe so that forage could be procured for the animals, the Federals moved on southward. A small battle occurred a short distance south of Murfreesboro, in which Johnny was wounded and carried into a house near by.

When he gathered his faculties what was his astonishment to see Mrs. Torbert standing beside his bed. He stared at her, momentarily thinking that he had never left the house. Then he realized that he was in the room in which he had slept when there before. To crown his surprise a girl came into the room whom he recognized as Emily. Her dress reached to the floor, and her hair had been permitted to grow and was done up in a knot on the back of her head. She was a year older than when John had left her, and in that year she had grown to be a woman.

Several other wounded men had been lodged at the house, but they all soon recovered and rejoined the army, which had marched on southward. John was badly wounded and was to have been sent back to a hospital at Murfreesboro. But at the time for his removal he was very low, and he was left where he was. He remained there some time, nursed by Mrs. Torbert and her daughter, before he recovered his strength.

There had been a change, so far as Emily was concerned, in the family affairs. A neighbor who was a soldier in a Tennessee regiment of Confederates had been at the house, had seen Emily and wanted her for his wife. He was thirty years old and heir to one of the best plantations in that region. Mrs. Torbert, realizing that he would be a good match for her daughter, had persuaded Emily to consent to marry him. At that time the Confederates were marching northward, but before Emily would assent to an immediate wedding the Federal troops had occupied Murfreesboro, and the Confederates had retreated to Tullahoma, leaving the space where the Torberts lived again debatable ground.

Shortly before John regained strength enough to rejoin his command a letter was received from Walter Bristow, Emily's betrothed, stating that he had received leave of absence to go to the Torbert plantation and claim his bride. He would be permitted to be absent but a day or two, after which he must rejoin his command, which had moved on south, followed by the northern army to Chattanooga. He would be obliged to pass around the Federal lines in order to reach the home of his bride.

John's reunion with the little southern girl had revived the feelings he had cherished when he had met her the first time. And, as for Emily, she had been captivated by the young soldier at the moment she saw him. When Johnny had left her after that first meeting she had never expected to see him again. But he had slipped into her heart and there lay, if not hopefully.

When the letter came from Bristow announcing that on a certain day he would come to claim his bride Emily collapsed. Her mother, ignorant of the fact that a love affair had grown up where she had arranged for an advantageous marriage, made no secret of the fact of the Confederate's coming and at once began to prepare apparel suitable for a bride. Johnny may have looked love to Emily, but he had never spoken it. The fact that a day was appointed for her to be given to another appalled him.

"Oh, Emily," he exclaimed, "don't do it!"

"I've promised!" she gasped.

Thus were the two suddenly plunged into a sea of difficulty.

"Maybe he won't come. He may not be able to get here," suggested Emily.

"If he is not here on time will you marry me?" pleaded John.

To this there was neither assent nor dissent. The lovers did not know what to do. A union between a soldier boy from a northern state to a portionless girl of Tennessee was not an especially practical act in itself, but when a man of means who, if killed in the war would leave her his property, was coming to marry her the situation was doubly complicated. John had not the assurance to ask the mother to give him her daughter under such circumstances, and Emily had no faith in her mother's permitting what would seem to be so ill timed a proceeding.

What they did was to hope the groom would not come. Indeed, he must take a great risk to do so. When the day came that he was to arrive the bride was arrayed in her wedding dress, and a country parson was engaged to perform the ceremony, for Bristow had written that he might dare to remain but a short time for fear of capture by the Federal troops. At 10 o'clock in the morning he was not there; at noon he had not arrived; at dark nothing had been heard of him.

Mrs. Torbert was angry.

"Come, Emily," said John.

"Where?"

"To the parson."

Emily yielded passively. The two slipped out, went to the parson and were married. Emily returned. John was not seen there again till the end of the war, which was two years later. He found his wife waiting for him and took her to his home beyond the Ohio river.

Bristow on his way to claim his bride had been captured by Federal troops.

He was taken to a Federal prison north of the Ohio river, where he was confined till the end of the war and never could communicate with her.

It was hard for me, looking at the old couple, then at their likeness taken in wartime, to realize that they were the same couple.

OVER THE WIRE

A Telegraph Operator's Story

By WARREN MILLER

There is no more favorable opportunity for young people of opposite sex to poke fun at each other than over a telephone or telegraph wire. There is a fascination in operating from behind a shield rendering one invisible. A girl will delight to say things to a man who can't see her and doesn't know who she is. I was a telegraph operator when a young man, and I noticed this disposition in many a girl operator with whom I talked over the wire. I am a matter of fact sort of a fellow myself and doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to bamboozle a girl in this fashion had not the girl shown a disposition to bamboozle me.

She who first tried it was an operator at a station about twenty miles away from me. I was in the town of M., while the girl was out at G., a way station some twenty miles distant in the country. She had more time on her hands than I, and I suppose this is what set her on to quizzing me. She started in one night about 9 o'clock after having taken a message from me, beginning by asking me what was going on in town; how I liked M.; if there was any fun going on there and expressing her dislike at being compelled to live in a little way station like G. From this we fell to talking about ourselves and naturally, as persons of opposite sex at that age invariably do, finally drifted on to love and marriage. From love and marriage in general we dropped into specialties, at last narrowing the topic down to ourselves.

The girl led me along in the channel she laid out herself till I admitted that, marriage being a lottery, I would about as lief marry a girl I had no knowledge of as one I had met and loved. All I required was to know that the girl I was to marry possessed a fair amount of good looks. One thing led to another till it was arranged that she should mail me her photograph and I should send her mine. Then if we were mutually pleased we might proceed further toward forming an acquaintance with a view to matrimony.

The next day I looked over my stock of photographs—not of myself, but of my friends—and, selecting one of Sam Atkins, the best looking fellow in the lot, I sent it to the girl. Sam was off at the Spanish-American war at the time, and I trusted to his getting shot or dying of disease so that I might not get into trouble by passing him off for myself. In return I received a picture of a rather pretty girl, who I judged from her features was full of mischief, the very one to get up just such a complication as we were entering upon. Upon her lips was an engaging smile and in her eyes a very saucy look.

After that the wires began to warm up with our conversations, till at last they came to a white heat with love passages. When we had fired a lot of such missiles at each other we began to talk about meeting. At my proposal to go to see her she cooled down a bit, and it was easy to see that her exuberance was the result of fighting behind a masked battery. I made several propositions to go to see her on a certain day and hour, but for every time I set she gave some reason why it would be inconvenient or impossible for her to receive me. At last it occurred to me to go up and look her over without an appointment. Never having seen me, she wouldn't know me.

So one day, having secured a leave, I started to see my charmer. On arrival I walked up into the village and on the street met my girl, whom I recognized at once by her photograph. I followed her into several shops and finally to a yellow house that stood back from the street. She went into the house, and, having waited half an hour for her to come out, I concluded she lived there.

I knew a man in the place, Tom Foster, and, hunting him up, told him that there was a girl in the town I wished to know. He said there was going to be a dance that evening and all the girls in the place would be there. He would take me with him, and if he knew the girl I wished to meet he would introduce me. I thought that an excellent plan since it would give me the advantage of keeping my affairs to myself. I could obtain an introduction to different girls without my introducer knowing the one I was especially interested in.

That evening I went with Foster to the hall where the dance was to take place. He asked about the girl I wished to know and why I wished to know her and all that, but I evaded his questions. I didn't propose to let the girl herself know that I was the fellow she had been making love to over the wire—at least till I had learned all about her.

She was there sure enough, looking as pretty as a picture—a brunette with a profusion of jet black hair, a stately figure and as mischievous an eye as ever I saw in a woman. When I first saw her she was talking with another girl about her own age, and that I might not give myself away to Foster I asked him to introduce me to the other girl.

She proved to be Miss Ellen Ormsby, a staid young woman whom I found rather hard to talk to. I asked her who was the girl she was with when I was introduced to her, and she said she was Agnes Miller and, taking the hint, offered to introduce me. I accepted and was introduced.

I don't think I ever chuckled so in my life as when I found myself incognito chatting with the girl whom I had been saying soft things to over the wire. I made up my mind to stave off the denouement as long as possible. Not for the world would I give her any clew to my identity by the slightest reference to what had passed between us. And as to letting her know even that I was a telegraph operator, nothing would tempt me to risk giving away the whole thing by doing so.

I danced several times with Agnes Miller and once with her friend Ellen Ormsby. I concluded to go slow with Miss Miller, but I got in a number of compliments and several looks indicating my admiration for her. When I left her to catch my train, which I did before the dance had ended, I pressed her hand and received a slight pressure in return.

Very soon after this I received a shock at the return of Sam Atkins. The Spanish war was over, and Sam had come home in excellent health and handsome as ever. What disconcerted me was that in some way—I having sent my girl his photograph—he might spoil my fun. But on second thought it occurred to me that there was no likelihood of this since she was so far from both of us.

He did give a scare one evening when he came to my room and seeing a new and pretty face among the photographs on my table began to quiz me. He declared he would scour the country round till he discovered the original of the picture.

On my return from G. I resumed my telegraphic chat with her, enjoying it far more than before from having made her acquaintance. It was very amusing to talk with her, having seen her, while I was still unknown to her except through Sam Atkins' photograph. She continued to complain of the dullness of G., so I concluded to ask her to come to town and go with me to the theater. This would let her into the secret of my having sent her another man's photograph, but I must let that out some time, and there was no especial reason for delay.

She accepted the invitation with alacrity and appointed a night. I procured a couple of seats and wrote her that I would meet her at the station and take her from there to the theater; she would know me by a bit of orange ribbon worn in my buttonhole. To keep up the fraud till her arrival I asked her to carry a few violets in her left hand.

When Miss Miller alighted from the train and saw me, whom she had met before, with the orange ribbon in my buttonhole she stood still for a moment; then, simply remarking that we had met before and I had deceived her about the photograph, we left the station, and, since it was a summer evening and an hour must elapse before the play would begin, we walked to a park or central square and sat down on one of the benches. She then reproved me mildly for sending her the wrong photograph, but said she didn't mind that since she had made my acquaintance at G.

When we entered the theater and took our seats but few people had arrived. We enjoyed ourselves chatting about our telegraphic correspondence and watching the audience come in. Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who should enter and take the two seat in the next row in front of us but Sam Atkins and Miss Miller's friend, whom I had met at G., Ellen Ormsby.

The expression on their faces was, to say the least, peculiar. Smiles were struggling to assert themselves which the three were endeavoring to suppress. I cast a hasty glance at my companion and saw her eyes fairly dance with a mingled delight, mischief and triumph.

I knew at once that the game I had been playing had not only been discovered, but had been turned against me.

"Sam, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "You're a traitor to your own sex!"

My remark occasioned a burst of laughter from the whole party except myself.

"Come," I said, "explain the matter."

At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture, and in ten minutes more the curtain rose. My tormentors forced me to wait till the end of the first act before giving me an explanation; then my companion said:

"Nellie Ormsby is a telegraph operator at the G. station and has been your correspondent. She sent you my photograph with my consent instead of her own and, having no more confidence in you in such a matter than herself, did not believe the likeness you sent her was your own. She went to M., taking the photograph with her, and a mutual friend of hers and Mr. Atkins there told her that it was his picture. Before leaving town she saw you at work at your instrument and knew that you were her correspondent. Then Mr. Atkins returned from the war. She went again to M., made his acquaintance and told him the secret.

"Meanwhile you had gone to G., and the moment you entered the ballroom Nellie recognized you. She saw your attention fixed on me and introduced you. Your enjoyment in the part you were playing gave us double what was evident in you. When your invitation came we decided to spring the joke on you here at the theater. We wrote Mr. Atkins to find out if possible where our seats were and get two more near them. This he learned through you.

"So you see that when a man sets himself up to outwit a girl he must sharpen his own wits on a whetstone."

It was all plain enough now. I acknowledged myself beaten and after the play invited the party to the best supper that could be obtained.

There is a sequel to this story, but not to be given here. The gist of it is that I paired off with Miss Miller and Sam with Miss Ormsby.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 17 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Advertising Rates.

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

A word to the countless number at present engaged in planting gardens, many of whom perhaps are treading in strange lands even though the said lands happen to be located at the rear of their homes. Plant things that can be kept over for winter use. So much early maturing garden truck is being planted that it is likely to be offered at low prices. Real economy will be accomplished by planting for the period when high prices will prevail. Think it over.

The Kaiser, it was officially announced, found it necessary this week to summon his regular dentist, an American, to field headquarters. The Imperial teeth demanded attention, and immediately. Not all American dentists could be expected to administer the painless method of treatment upon the Kaiser these days. In fact, some might make a mistake and pull the wrong tooth—accidentally, of course.

Last Saturday the United States Senate voted in favor of prohibiting the use of grain for the manufacture of intoxicating liquors during the period of the war. Monday the Senate reconsidered its action of Saturday and then voted the other way. Such an exhibition properly casts upon the Senate the comment that it is a pretty weak outfit. It is a sorry group of men who do not know their own minds from Saturday until Monday. To say the least, the Senate was wrong on one of the two days. If Monday's action was justified Saturday's vote accentuates the weakness of the highest legislative body in the United States.

LOOKING AHEAD.

The war abroad and its trail of horrors has aroused world-wide sympathies. There has been and is today universal response to appeals for assistance. Many are contributing to a dozen or more worthy causes. With the United States injected into the war the number of channels calling for financial help is increased greatly. Each day seems to bring with it some new and heretofore unthought of condition requiring assistance.

As we view it the matter is one calling for the most serious consideration. We may be wrong, and if so we want to be set right, but we feel that a word of caution is justified at this time. We offer unstinted praise and commendation for the splendid efforts to alleviate distress and suffering abroad. Such work breathes the very essence of human sympathy manifested in the most practical form. All praise to the leaders in this noble movement.

But what is being done toward preparing for the future for the many on our home shores who are certain to need assistance before many months have passed? Are civic bodies and others preparing to handle a situation that will soon exist and one that must be faced. Too often caring for our own who may need assistance is looked upon by us in the light of charity for which we hold contempt, while the same efforts applied to helping the less fortunate in other lands is taken up more eagerly and supported more liberally. We never shall forget a sentiment once voiced in an address by George B. Orlady, now a Superior Court Justice. He was discussing home and foreign missions. What he said applies, we think, with peculiar force and logic to the situation now before us. "I am and always have been a great admirer of and firm believer in foreign missions, but while we are thinking of and helping the less fortunate in other lands let us not forget to think about and plan to care for our own people who may soon be in want and who like as not may reside just around the corner."

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

A Mistake

The Story of How Two Sisters Were Reunited.

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Although the Horner sisters had lived in the same house for forty years, during twenty of those long years they had not exchanged a word.

No one in Rosedale knew why Abigail had suddenly taken up her residence in the north wing of the old house and Sophia had settled her belongings in the sunny south half. At the time conjecture had been rife, but the nine days' wonder had settled into a strong conviction that they had disagreed over the "prop'ty," for it was shortly after old Judge Horner's death that the estrangement began.

Every Sunday morning the sisters stepped primly down the graveled path to the gate and in wordless silence wended their way to church and up the aisle to the Horner pew. In vain had the pastor remonstrated with them singly and together. While open to reason and conviction on every other point, they were dumb regarding the cause of their wordless strife.

It was June now, and Sophia was digging among her pansies. She was slight and pale, with a pleasant, mild face that now and then startled one by settling into firm lines around the mouth. Abigail's features were cast in a sterner mold, and the lines about her mouth were deeper, and this characteristic feature in both sisters was known as "Horner spunk," and it was generally agreed that "Horner spunk" was at the root of the trouble.

Abigail stood under the cedars with a copy of the county paper in her hand. She was slowly reading an article for the fifth time:

The Rev. Paul Weemers, pastor of the Park Methodist church, New York, will preach in the First church at Rosedale on Sunday evening next. It will be remembered that the First church of Rosedale was Mr. Weemers' first charge, and his return will be the occasion of much pleasure to his old friends and parishioners. Mr. Weemers will be accompanied by his wife.

She looked across the boxwood hedge into Sophia's garden. The news would interest Sophia as well as herself. Abigail thought of this as she stood there looking at Sophia's stooping form. There was a certain stern integrity about Abigail that urged her to break the long silence and to impart the news she had read to her sister. There was an underlying tenderness, too, toward her younger sister that the bitter resentment of years could not destroy. She resolved that Sophia should not be taken unawares.

She leaned over the hedge and dropped the newspaper under Sophia's nose.

Sophia squeaked with surprise as the paper rattled among the pansies, and there was blank astonishment in her nearsighted eyes as she lifted them to gaze upon the grim, uncompromising face of her sister.

The latter pointed to the paper with an old time gesture of command, and Sophia, adjusting her spectacles, sought the wrong page with agitated eagerness. Then she turned the sheet, and presently a nervous cluck and the dull reddening of her cheek announced that she had found the item. In her excitement the younger woman spoke. "He will call," she said softly, as if to herself.

The next day was Saturday, and all day long Sophia's lavender muslin hung on the clothesline, bending and swaying in the soft west wind like a misty wraith of Sophia herself. Abigail looked sternly upon the dress. She had been on her way to the front chamber to look over a well preserved summer silk, but the sight of the dress seemed to proclaim the boldness of Sophia—a boldness that was unexpected and that seemed to rouse a stern maidenliness in the older woman. She reddened darkly and went hastily downstairs again.

In the solitude of her own front room she sat and thought. The stern upbringing of the Horner girls had discouraged the coming of suitors, and it was not until after their father's death that Paul Weemers came to preach at the First church. He had been equally attentive to both sisters, and it was perhaps natural that each should believe herself to be the preferred one and the other an interloper. When Paul received a call to a larger parish he came to say goodby, and when he asked old Hannah if Miss Horner was in the sisters appeared simultaneously. Suddenly Abigail was called away, and when she returned to the parlor the young minister had gone and Sophia was standing at the window with a bewildered look on her pretty face.

Then a white rage had taken possession of Abigail, and her tongue had loosed upon the frightened Sophia, who turned fiercely with upbraiding contradictions. After that scene, which no one witnessed, began the long silence. As her thoughts wandered back to the past she knew she had been unjust to her sister, for really neither of the sisters had any real reason for thinking Mr. Weemers was in love with her, which made Abigail's outbreak toward her sister all the more unjustifiable. It was of these things that Abigail was thinking.

The next day was Sunday, and Sophia stepped down the path alone, her worn hymn book clasped in her mittened hands. She cast many anxious, backward glances at the north wing, where Abigail's stern profile was outlined against the windowpane. She was bent over the pages of a religious journal, and it was evident she did not intend to go to church that morning. Sophia went on alone, swinging her fresh muslin skirts and holding her head rather high, quite unaware that Abigail was watching her with accusing eyes of mingled pity and resentment.

Sophia did not know why she was hurrying to church that morning with a pink spot in either faded cheek, but her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious of a pleasant excitement at the idea of seeing Paul Weemers again. That was all. She fluttered the leaves of her Bible as she waited for the service to begin. She wondered vaguely where Mrs. Weemers would sit and concluded that she was the fashionably attired woman who sat in the minister's pew. She was a plump, pretty woman, with dark hair waving back from a fresh, youthful complexion. Then Paul Weemers came in, and Sophia gasped with surprise. He was rather stout and much older, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

The next morning while the sisters were attending to their separate household duties the doorbell toned dismally Abigail went into the front hall and peering through the side window light, saw a man in clerical garments accompanied by a woman. She paused for a moment with a hand on the knob; then she opened the door.

"Now, Miss Abigail, I don't believe you recognize me," exclaimed the man heartily. "I didn't see you in church yesterday, although I am sure that I recognized your sister."

"Mr. Weemers, isn't it?" asked Abigail coldly. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, and this is my wife; my dear, this is Miss Horner, one of my old friends and parishioners."

"I have heard my husband speak of you and your lovely old house, Miss Horner," said the lady pleasantly.

They went into Abigail's cool parlor.

"Where is Miss Sophia?" inquired Mr. Weemers with evident interest.

"I will call her," said Abigail reluctantly.

She stepped across the hall and opened Sophia's door. That was the signal when there was company for both.

"Don't you care, Sophia," she whispered with fierce intensity as her sister followed her into the room.

Sophia was visibly agitated. She stammered greetings to the minister and his wife, which Abigail tried to cover by commonplace remarks, but there was an atmosphere of constraint over the four people.

"Will you have some refreshment?" asked Abigail presently. "It is a very warm day," she observed. She left the room and presently returned with foaming glasses of root beer and a plate of freshly cut sponge cake. She ate nothing herself, but looked intently from her sister to Mr. Weemers and then at the minister's wife.

The latter set down her glass. "Do you know, Miss Horner, that when my husband told me he was coming to Rosedale on Sunday I was delighted. The first thing I said was, 'Now I shall see the Horner teapot!'"

Abigail's face softened. "So he remembered our teapot?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I have a mania for old china, and Paul shares the mania. He has spoken of the teapot as such a lovely example of willow pattern, and I told him I positively must see it."

Abigail went to a walnut cabinet and brought forth a large blue and white teapot. It had been in the Horner family for many generations and was a treasured heirloom.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Weemers, while her husband hung over it in silent admiration. Suddenly he straightened back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"You do not know, Miss Abigail, how hard I strove one day, many years ago, to ask you to sell me that famous teapot. I had seen it and succumbed to its beauty. I remember, just a day or so before I left Rosedale, I called to say goodby and at the same time to ask if you would sell it, but I realized my presumption and hardly hoped you would do so. I tried to broach the subject, but somehow I couldn't seem to make any headway. I recollect that you were called from the room, and I tried to approach your sister on the subject, but she seemed to want to talk of everything except the teapot, so I gave it up and went away. I wrote to you once and asked about it, but as I never heard from you I presume the letter went astray."

Abigail and Sophia were looking at each other over the blue teapot. There was a startled expression in Sophia's eyes, while Abigail looked pityingly at her sister.

Abigail found her voice first. "My sister and I would like to give you the teapot, Mrs. Weemers," she said, with decision in her tones. "There is no one to care for it after we are gone, and you and your husband seem to prize it so highly we would like you to have it."

"But—we cannot—it is too much"—stammered Mrs. Weemers.

"Oh, yes!" cried Sophia eagerly. "You must take it. We want you to have it, Abigail and I have so many old fashioned things."

Abigail left the room to wrap the teapot in paper and to escape the effusive thanks of the delighted Weemers. Sophia followed her sister, trembling with some unexplained emotion.

Removing the lid, Abigail thrust her hand into the teapot and drew forth a yellowed envelope. She held it toward Sophia.

"It's yours," she said shortly.

"No; it's yours," returned Sophia.

"If it's mine," said Abigail in grim tones, "I'll burn it up." And she thrust it into the stove.

"Shall we have tea together in the big dining room tonight, Abigail?" asked Sophia timidly.

"Of course we will," said Abigail.

A Choice Of Sides

The Cloud That Came Between the Lovers.

By ELINOR MARSH

Something more than half a century ago there occurred in America a great convulsion pertaining to human liberty.

Up to that time it was the most stupendous of its kind that ever had occurred. In that great clash father was set against son, brother against brother, friend against friend.

Northern men in the south and southern men in the north found themselves called upon to make decisions of vital importance.

No one, except aged persons, has seen the palmy antebellum days in the southern states, when the patriarchal system was in vogue, when the planter was considered a sort of sovereign, when his family were elevated to virtue and restrained from vice by a sense of noblesse oblige. All this has given place to what we call progress. But progress is liable to take a step backward in putting on new apparel, and the south today has new vigor in her veins.

Colonel Joseph Archibald was a typical southern planter. In 1850 he had lived half a century and had not kept pace with the times. He wore a ruffled shirt, brass buttons on his coat and a hat of real beaver—that is, in winter. In summer he wore an expensive panama straw. The colonel had no real right to his title. Any southern man of prominence in those days was likely to be dubbed general, colonel or major, to distinguish him from the commoner or the man who did not own many acres and many negroes.

Colonel Archibald's family consisted of his wife, his oldest child, a son—when this story begins a man of twenty-three—a daughter of twenty and four other children, boys and girls, all under sixteen years of age. Not one of these young persons but had been trained never to do anything unbecoming to his or her station. The planter of that period was misjudged because there were persons in the south who were too ready to talk about their honor and too hot in its defense. But the real southern gentleman of the mid-nineteenth century was an inheritance of those splendid men who brought about the birth of a nation.

Not far from the Archibald plantation dwelt another planter named Sheffield. He had married a northern woman, and her children were taught by her that the system of making slaves of human beings was totally wrong.

Her doctrine made no difference in the plantation over which she presided as mistress unless it tended to bring about a better treatment of the negroes. Be that as it may, those on the Sheffield plantation were happy and quite content with their lot, there being no runaways among them.

Harry Sheffield was the only son and heir to this estate. He was educated at a New England university, where his mother's prejudice against the labor system then in vogue in the south was stimulated. He was used to defend it to his fellow students on the ground that it had been planted in the south not by the southern people; that they had inherited it and were not responsible for it. The only thing they could do in the premises was to make it as wholesome as possible.

Young Sheffield returned from college to his plantation home a couple of years before the outbreak of the war which was destined to effect so marked a change in the labor system of the southern states. He and Alma Archibald were of an age to mate, and it was not long before Harry went to Colonel Archibald and asked for his daughter's hand. Before the colonel would consent he told Harry that he had heard that his views upon the question that was agitating the country were singular and he would like to know what they were. Harry was too conscientious to win the girl he loved by a false statement and told the truth.

"I honor you, sir," said the colonel, "for your frankness in acknowledging what will make you unpopular among the people of the south, but in view of the importance of your opinions I do not think it best either for you or for my daughter that you should wed. We are on the eve of a great issue in the south, and a house divided against itself will surely fall. With your views acted upon conscientiously, your place is or soon will be in the north instead of the south."

While Harry Sheffield was obliged to admit the truth of the argument, he was not willing to subscribe to it, for true love subscribes to no argument that separates lovers. But he did not consider it honorable for him to take Alma surreptitiously under the circumstances. He was much troubled about the impending crisis and the part he should take when the storm broke, fearing greatly that if forced to take sides he could not conscientiously enter upon the defense of a system that he condemned. Under the circumstances he bade adieu to Alma, the lovers agreeing to wait for the approaching gale to blow itself out, after which perhaps her father might reconsider the matter.

One of the great strains of the war between the states at its opening was the decision of so many persons as to which side they would take. There were men in both armies, men who became the principal leaders, who had a hard struggle to decide on which side they would fight. The regular army was full of such cases. In one instance a young officer who felt that his duty lay in one direction, while his sympathies lay in the other, became temporarily insane.

The bulk of these persons who were in doubt were southern born men who had been educated at West Point or Annapolis. Cases like that of Harry Sheffield, a southern man with nothing that could be interpreted as an obligation either way, were more rare. But Harry had an additional reason for fighting against his own people, in his sweetheart. He felt that his duty called upon him to fight with the north, but he must not only fight against his own people, but his doing so would separate him from the southern girl he loved.

Harry Sheffield's state, Tennessee, was divided. East Tennessee was all for the Union, while middle and west Tennessee sympathized with the Confederacy. The Sheffield plantation was in middle Tennessee, not far from Nashville. When the struggle between the north and the south came Harry walked the floor all one night struggling with himself to do what he considered his duty. His heart was for the south, but he believed that his duty lay with the north. When morning came without submitting himself to endure a goodby with those he loved he started for east Tennessee and enlisted in a federal regiment organizing at Knoxville.

* * * * * * *

One morning in the spring of 1865 Major Sheffield, having been mustered out of the United States service, mounted his horse in Nashville and took a road leading southward. Reaching a rise in the ground, he shaded his eyes with his hand and peered down upon the place where he had been born and raised.

The homestead was there, but it was a sorry looking structure. The row of negro huts were still standing and here and there a negro was seen moving about in the general ruins. By the proclamation of emancipation issued during the war they were all free, but evidently some of them clung to their old home. The owner had been killed commanding a regiment of Confederate troops during the war, and Harry Sheffield was now the owner of what was left of a fine estate. His mother had gone north to her people, taking with her the younger children.

"Thank heaven," muttered Sheffield, "my interests are in no better condition than those of my neighbors."

Riding on, he pulled up between two posts that had supported the gate to the plantation and surveyed the scene at closer view. An old negro came tottering toward him.

"Hello, Ben!" said Sheffield.

The man looked at him scrutinizingly, then exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, it's Mars Harry!"

The major asked what had become of Colonel Archibald and was told that he had been one of the first to succumb to the storm that had swept over the south. His oldest son had died of camp fever. His wife and Alma and the children had gone south to Louisiana to her people, who lived there.

"I suppose, Ben," said Sheffield, "the Archibald plantation is in as bad shape as this, isn't it?"

"Wo'se, Mars Harry, wo'se. Yo' see, dere was fightin' over dar, and de plantation house war riddled."

Sheffield cast his eyes about him, taking in the forlorn appearance of his once happy home, then turned his horse's head and started toward the Archibald plantation.

When he reached it he saw a woman on the veranda giving instructions to some negroes who were carrying baggage into the house. It was Alma, who with her mother had returned to their ruined home. Harry rode up to the veranda, dismounted and stood face to face with the girl he had left without even a goodby four years before. She looked at him for some time without a word, then, influenced by what had occurred since their last meeting, put her hands to her face and wept.

Tears had checked reproaches. Sheffield moved toward her, put his arms about her, and her head sank upon his breast.

This scene was typical of thousands of others. The struggle was over, and the system that had caused it, a system that no person living had been responsible for, had died a violent death.

Sheffield resolved that his first task should be to bind up the wounds of this stricken family before he attended to his own affairs. A college chum wrote him offering pecuniary assistance, which he accepted for himself and used for the necessities of the Archibald family. As soon as he could get workmen he sent them to patch up the holes left by cannon balls in the homestead and rebuilt fences with his own hands. Not till he had got the property into fair shape did he begin work on his own premises.

Sheffield married Alma Archibald and took her to his plantation, the other property being left to Mrs. Archibald and those of her family who had survived the struggle. The major was one of the first to adapt himself to the new labor systems and in time got his property in working order. He was also one of the first men sent to the federal congress after the reign of carpet bag law had ceased. Though he had fought on the side of the north, he was one of the most trusted of southern men. Since then there is no question asked as to which a man supported in that unfortunate struggle. When he died, there being no cemetery for Union soldiers in which to place his body, it was laid to rest beside Confederates.

The June Woman's Home Companion.

Well rounded in fiction and special articles, the June Woman's Home Companion is an entertaining and useful number. The fiction includes "The Ineligibles," by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd; "The Shell," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "Straight Facts About Todd," by Margaret Busbee Shipp; "Mostly Starch" by Mabel Dill, and "The Beautiful Joke," by Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Will infantile paralysis recur this summer? is the question asked by Dr. Roger H. Dennett in his article entitled "After Infantile Paralysis." Other articles are: "Uncontrollable Youngsters, Three Points of View," by Miriam Finn Scott; "Ethel Newcome," by Laura Spencer Portor; "The Chocolate Bonbons Look," by Katharine Lawson; "An Automobile Camping Trip," by Zoe A. Tilghman, and "The Last-Minute Garden," by Grace Tabor.

In the department on Fashions is an amusing article by Grace Margaret Gould entitled "The Fun of It," which gives some useful information on what to avoid in spring costumes. Miss Gould also discusses the summer wardrobe and summertime clothes.

The regular departments and sections have innumerable hints for housekeepers, cooks, automobilists, amateur gardeners and everybody else. There is liberal entertainment for children in the section for younger readers.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Frank Kerns, of the City Laundry, Bellefonte, has received his new Maxwell delivery truck. It's a good one.

Gordon Montgomery spent a short time recently in Bellefonte with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Montgomery, and Sunday left again for Newport, R. I.

Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock the home of John Kozier, near the site of the Nittany furnace, was destroyed by fire. Some of the household goods were saved.

Mrs. Harry Keller left Saturday morning for Lancaster where she is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Keller. From there she will go to Philadelphia to visit friends.

Edward Lathan, of Harrisburg, came to Bellefonte Saturday and spent the day with his family who have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Haupt's parent, sMr. and Mrs. Newton Haupt, on Thomas street.

Tuesday afternoon the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer brought to Bellefonte a car containing twenty-two prisoners from the western penitentiary at Pittsburgh. They were taken through to Rockview penitentiary.

Col. W. L. Teller, who spent the winter in the sunny clime of old Virginia, is again a prominent pedestrian on the thoroughfares of Bellefonte. He says he is feeling good and his eyesight is improving.

Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, left Wednesday for Newark, N. J., and on Thursday returned with his wife who has been absent six weeks. She has about recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. Charles Roach, who had been spending a week in Bellefonte as the guest of her cousin, Miss Grace Marvin, the milliner, left for Williamsport Monday where she will spend a short time visiting in the Westfall home. From there she will go to her home in Elmira, N. Y. She is a very intelligent woman and while in Bellefonte her acquaintances enjoyed hearing her speak of her trip to California from where she is just returning.

Tuesday evening Prof. Harry Whiting resigned as principal of the Bellefonte High school and Wednesday morning left for Beaver, Pa., where he will be employed by the State Highway Department as superintendent of the state roads in Beaver county. During his vacation last summer he was employed in the local state road offices and proved to be an efficient man for that kind of work. In looking for a worthy and able successor to Mr. Whiting in the High school the honor fell on Prof. Eugene Weik, professor of science and physics. He commenced his work Wednesday morning.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	38
Eggs	30

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$3.00
Corn	1.50
Oats	70
Rye	1.00

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and toucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Correspondence

Boalsburg.

Mrs. Samuel Nickel of Philipsburg, spent the week end with her friend, Miss Margaretta Goheen.

Mrs. Angeline Bottorf and daughter, Ella, of Lemont, were over Sunday visitors here.

Miss Sarah Keller spent Thursday of last week in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Henry Reitz and granddaughter, Hester Lonberger, spent Saturday in Centre Hall.

Jacob Meyer spent several days of last week in Pittsburgh. The people from Boalsburg who attended the funeral of Rev. A. A. Bleck at Alexandria on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. William Meyery, Misses Mary Reish, Nora Miller and Luella Ross, Mr. and Mrs. William Stover, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Mothersbaugh, Rev. S. C. Stover, John Wright, Dr. L. E. Kidder and daughter, Mary, Miss Sarah Keller, A. E. Gingerich, G. E. Meyer, H. M. Hosterman, O. W. Stover, H. O. Barr, Cyril Zechman, Newton Yarnell, D. W. Meyer and Harry Kuhn.

Mrs. Ross Gregory with her two daughters, Laura and Jessie, and son Samuel, and Mrs. Ben Miller, of Huntingdon Co; Dr. J. E. Smith and wife and Mrs. Jessie Porter and daughter, Sarah, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of J. M. Ross.

Mrs. Maud Williams is attending Rebekah Assembly which is held at York this week

Miss Mary Reish is spending the week at the home of H. F. Bottorf, at Lemont.

Mrs. Luther Zerby and children, Mildred and Kenneth, of State College, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Zerby's mother, Mrs. Sarah Gingerich.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher and son accompanied by Miss Josephine Keifer and Mrs. (Rev.) Hartman, of Sunbury were over night visitors at the home of Mrs. E. A. Fisher.

Mrs. Wagner and daughter, of South Carolina, visited the former's aunt, Mrs. Foster Charles, last week.

Mrs. Samuel Wagner and two sons and nephew, Guyer Durst, spent a day of last week at Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hazel and Mr. Mrs. Newton Yarnell spent Friday afternoon at the home of Mr. Hazel's sister, Mr. Robert Smith, of Centre Hill

Rev. Stover will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of 1917 on Sunday evening May 20th. Commencement exercises will be held May 23rd in the Reformed church.

Miss Marion Dale and brother Frederick, of Oak Hall, spent Tuesday with their grandfather, A. W. Dale.

Mrs. (Rev.) G. L. Courtney is visiting her son at Danville.

Ira Rishel and daughter spent Sunday at Oak Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Mothersbaugh and Mr. and Mrs. William Mothersbaugh and son, spent Sunday at Pleasant Gap.

Miss Helouise Seeley, of Osceola, Tioga County, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller.

The commencement exercises of the Boalsburg High school will be held Wednesday evening of next week in the Boalsburg Reformed church. Rev. G. L. Courtney will give the invocation. The commencement address will be by Dean Blaisdell, of State College, with the subject, "The Making of Men." The graduates and their respective subjects of essays and orations follow: "Our National Emblem," Daisy Rowe; "Loyalty," Samuel Ross; "Abraham Lincoln" John Smith; "True Courage," Nellie Fisher; "What Young Men Must Do," Cyrus Wagner; "Why America Entered the War," Fred Brouse; "James Whitcomb Riley," Martha Houtz; "The Waking Up of China," Hugh Ralston; Class Will and Prophecy, Ray Lucas; "Patriotism" Charles Hosterman, valedictorian. Second honors for the class were divided between Daisy Rowe and Samuel Ross. The exercises will close with the benediction by Rev. S. C. Stover.

Woodward

Mrs. (Dr.) Ard was called to Paulsboro, N. Y., Tuesday on account of the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Smallwood.

John D. Bower, of Northumberland, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Phoebe Wise.

Miss Florence Guisewite, of Fiedler, is staying with her grandmother, Mrs. William Glantz for a few days.

Clair E. Kreamer and Miss Edna Plank, of Fairfield, Pa., were united in marriage in Baltimore, Md., on May 1st. They will reside in Woodward. Congratulations.

T. A. Auman, of Rebersburg, spent Sunday and Monday very pleasantly at the home of D. J. Benner.

Mrs. C. P. Sheesley is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Sheesley, in Mifflinburg.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Snow Shoe

The list of automobiles that was published last week gave only those purchased during the year of 1917.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ameigh and son Lawrence, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Shaw.

The people of this community were very much shocked to hear of the sudden death of Rev. Father McArdle, which occurred in Bellefonte last week. A number of our people attended the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stauffer and son George and Mrs. Philip Shaw attended the funeral of an uncle of Mrs. Stauffer and Mrs. Shaw, at Huntingdon.

A Red Cross meeting was held at the home of Mrs. W. C. Snyder Friday afternoon and proved to be a great success.

A reception was tendered Friday evening to the new pastor of the M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Burnley. It was held in the lecture room of the church, a room well suited to such uses. A feeling address of welcome was voiced by Rev. J. J. Wolfe, of the Presbyterian church. Alfred Thompson acted as master of ceremonies. Mrs. William Quick, the church organist, led in an impromptu musical program. A generous lunch was served by the ladies of the church.

The High School pupils have been paying attention to the study of local music and are making commendable progress. They constitute a very effective choir.

It is expected that Prof. John F. Marshman, of the department of English at State College, will deliver the class address at commencement. Prof. Marshman is a speaker of ability.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCartney and son are visiting relatives here.

Miss Gladys Harm, in Florida for the benefit of her health, is attending the Tarpon Springs schools. From the number of inhabitants of the northern States now practically resident there, Florida may almost be considered a northern State, and is said to have very excellent schools.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Harm and daughter, Marion, motored to Clearfield Friday.

Miss Elizabeth Glenn, and Genevieve Budinger spent Saturday shopping in Bellefonte.

The Freshman class of the High School held a successful festivalSaturday evening in Community hall. Ice cream, cake, pie, sandwiches, coffee and homemade candies were served. The hall was tastefully decorated. The personnel of the class is as follows: Misses Jennie Brooks, Mary Burns, Florence Howell, Beatrice Kisling, Mary McCartney, Verina Parks, and Mervin Witherite and Edward Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCartney and son, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pownell and family and Mrs. C. Pownell, of Osceola Mills, motored to Snow Shoe Sunday afternoon.

R. P. Barnhart spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones and infant son spent several days in York.

Curtin.

Mrs. Jennie Bathurst, Mrs. Jennie Prince, Mrs. J. C. Barnhart and Mrs. William Barnhart, of Curtin, visited their friend, Mrs. Henry Shultz, who is in the Bellefonte hospital on Monday.

The bird we call the stork visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Aikey on Sunday and left them a lovely bouncing baby boy. Congratulations.

Mrs. Joe Adams and children, of Pitcairn, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Shultz.

Miss Mildred Glenn, of Milesburg, visited her friend, Miss Mary Crossmyer, on Sunday.

Mrs. Ray Lutz and son Lee, of Bellefonte, visited her father, Calvin Bathurst on Sunday.

Mrs. H. R. Curtin left on Monday for Pittsburgh where she expects to spend a couple of weeks with her son, Mac Curtin.

Miss Elizabeth Ardell, of Bellefonte, is visiting with Miss Catharine Curtin.

Port Matilda.

Alfred Beardslee, of Swissvale, visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Smith and family, of Vail, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elizabeth Geyer.

George Ross, of Tyrone, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Ross, over Sunday.

Daniel Funk, wife and family, of Tyrone, visited relatives in town over Sunday.

Linzy Ross and Ray Price left Sunday for Akron, Ohio, to seek employment.

Miss Ruth Cowher is visiting relatives at Tyrone.

W. S. Crain and C. W. Crain and wife motored to Tyrone Sunday.

Mrs. E. M. Eller and son, Kenneth, spent Sunday with relatives at Altoona.

E. M. Eller made a businesss trip to Tyrone Monday.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Howard.

L. L. Williams came home Thursday after spending a few weeks with his uncle, in Ramey.

John Turner, who is employed in Tyrone, spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Mattie Turner.

Mrs. Elsie Fry, of State College, visited her mother, Mrs. Kate Bechdel, this week

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Joe Schenck.

Mrs. Samuel Shay was a business visitor in Bellefonte Saturday.

Mrs. Matthew Rodgers and daughter Mary, visited at her home in Mexico, Pa., the past week.

Mrs. William Shaffer returned home Saturday after spending a week in Philadelphia and Williamsport.

Misses Lorena and Adeline Williams spent Saturday with friends in State College.

Mrs. Farmer, of Bellefonte, visited her father and sister, on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. J. Kurtz and daughter Charlotte, are visiting Mrs. Kurtz's brother, Dr. J. L. Heusyl, at Mahanoy City.

Mrs. Maggie Bennison was a Lock Haven shopper this week.

William Weber and Matthew Rodgers went to Altoona Saturday to join the Shriners in the patriotic parade.

Miss Helen Kline, of Tyrone, is visiting her aunt, Mrs Thomas Holmes.

Philip Holter returned home Monday after visiting a week with his sister in Toledo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wyland, of Orviston, spent Sunday at the Benjamin Wyland home.

Harry Robb and daughter, of Huntingdon, was a between trains visitor here Saturday.

Miss Rose Knarr, of Tyrone, visited at L. H. Neff's home over Sunday.

Mrs. John Diehl visited in Lock Haven Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Waite and daughter, of Tyrone, visited friends in this place Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Pletcher visited friends in Bellefonte Sunday.

Miss Miriam Lucas and lady friend, students at the Lock Haven Norma School, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lucas.

Mrs. William Weber is visiting friends in Williamsport this week.

Mrs. Philip Barr and daughter, of Juniata, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Miss Amy Ziegler, of Revovo, spent a couple of days visiting her aunt, Mrs. Joseph D. Diehl.

Miss Blanche Maben, of Lewistown, spent Sunday in this place.

H. T. McDowell and C. M. Tice left Saturday morning for Altoona, at which place Mr. McDowell purchased a new six cylinder Buick. Mr. Tice drove the car home for him.

The Howard band will give a concert on the band platform Saturday evening.

Owing to cold weather the band was unable to give a concert last Saturday night.

Mrs. Mary A. Pheasant Dead.

Mrs. Mary A. Pheasant, wife of Joshua R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, Centre county, died at 2.50 o'clock Monday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Brumbaugh, of Pleasant Valley road. She went to Altoona, to visit her daughter three weeks ago and suffered from a complication of diseases. She was born in Sinking Valley, September 10th, 1848, and was married forty years ago. Mrs. Pheasant was a member of the Mt. Eagle Methodist Episcopal church. Her husband and the following children survive, Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John Brumbaugh and Mrs. Carrie Kuhn, both of Altoona. Eighteen grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren and the following brother and sisters survive: John McCormick, of Hollidaysburg; Mrs. Harry M. Hileman and Mrs. Belle Hileman, of Altoona, and Mrs. Levina Mathews, of Hollidaysburg. The funeral services were held at 8 o'clock Monday eveding, in charge of the Rev. George F. Boggs, pastor of the Eighth Avenue Methodist Episcopal church Altoona. The body was taken to Mt. Eagle at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, where interment was made Wednesday morning.

Andrew C. Toner Dead.

Andrew C. Toner, brother of the late James Toner, of Bellefonte, passed away in Elmira, N. Y., about noon on Saturday. His death was due to a stroke of paralysis. Deceased was the son of John and Mary Toner and was 43 years ago born at Axe Mann. He was a member of the Catholic church. He was a single man and was well and favorably known in Bellefonte. He belonged to the Loyal Order of Moose. Deceased is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. J. L. Gingery, Brownsville, Pa.; Mrs. Jacob Curry, Waddle; Mrs. Robert Morrison, Bellefonte, and Thomas Toner, Jersey Shore. The remains were brought to Bellefonte Sunday afternoon and taken to the home of his late brother, James Toner. The funeral was held Monday morning from the Catholic church, Father Gallagher officiating.

Death of Harrietta C. Burrowe.

The sad death of Miss Harrietta Clough Burrows, youngest daughter, of mail agent W. H. Burrows, formerly of Bellefonte, but who for the past ten years has been a resident of Tyrone, was learned of here Friday a. m. with much regret as she was a young lady highly esteemed by all who knew her. It will be remembered that while the family resided in Bellefonte they were practically burned out. The house has since been repaired and is now occupied by Burgess Blanchard and wife on east Linn street. The fire caught from a chicken brooder in the cellar and some of the family barely escaped with their lives.

Miss Burrows died at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Woods, at Lutherville, Md. She had been in failing health for some time, but not to the extent to give alarm to herself or her family. Last February, she went to the home of her sister at Lutherville, hoping to receive a benefit of health by the change. She was afflicted with diabetes. Her illness seemed to respond to treatment, and it was only within a few days that her condition became precarious. Her death occurred at an early hour last Thursday, morning. Harrietta Clough Burrows was born at Lock Haven, and went to Tyrone ten years ago when the family removed from Bellefonte to Tyrone, her father being the veteran mail agent on the Bald Eagle Valley branch. She was a member of the Presbyterian church.

Surviving are her father, W. H. Burrows, and the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. A. C. Woods, of Lutherville, Md.; Misses Lavinia and Nancy Burrows, of Tyrone; W. H. and Paul Burrows, of Niagara Falls; and J. M. Burrows, of Scranton. The remains were taken to her late home at Tyrone, where funeral services were held. Interment made at Lock Haven.

Death of David Miller.

David Miller, one of the best known citizens of this community, passed away Tuesday at noon at his residence in Bush Addition, where for a number of years he had conducted a general store. The cause of his demise was pernicious anaemia, or deficiency of blood and its quality. His illness dates back to about three years ago when one day he was looking for his grand-father's grave in the Union cemetery and was badly poisoned with ivy vines. At that time he was very ill and was not expected to recover. His last illness dates back about three months. He was the son of George and Nancy Miller, of Bellefonte, who survive him. He was born in Bellefonte September 1st, 1867. On September 14th, 1890, he was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Irvin who survives with no children. The deceased was a gentleman who was honest and upright and had the respect of all. He was an active member of the Presbyterian church and on the 27th. of June 1915, he was selected as an elder. He belonged to the Masons and Odd Fellows lodges and was prominent in both orders. The following brothers and sisters survive: George, of Niagara Falls; William and Mrs. Joseph Ayers, Josephine, Indiana county; Mrs. Harry Johnston, Mrs. Edward Brown and Mrs. William Evey, of Bellefonte. The funeral, in charge of the Masonic Fraternity, will be held from his late home Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. W. K. McKinney officiating. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Moshannon Nat. Bank to James F. Stott, tract in Philipsburg; $700.

A. A. Groe, et ux, to Sarah C. Culver, tract in Burnside Twp.; $810.

Sarah Beck, et bar, to United Evan. Church Ext., tract in State College; $2000.

Angeline S. Barr, et al, to A. A. Dietrich, Treas., tract in Rush Twp.; $50.

Robt. N. Lloyd's heirs to John Nolan tract in Rush Twp.; $75.

W. S. Miller, et al, to Ida Weaver, tract in Miles Twp.; $960.

Thos. G. Wilson to John I. Gray, tract in Taylor Twp.; $535.

Frank A. Ward, et al, to Philips Lamano s, tract in Rush Twp.; $500.

Geo. B. Simler, Admr., to William M. Biddle, tract in Philipsburg; $530.

Geo. B. Simler's Admrs., to Wm. N. Simler, tract in Philpsburg; $300.

Full Week of "State" Commencement.

Commencement exercises at Pennsylvania State College will not be shortened this year, despite the rumors to the effect that exercises would be cut down to one day owing to the fact that a great number of graduates have left college to attend the officers reserves training camp.

Dean Holmes says: "The fact that we might not be able to have 200 graduates, is no reason for shortening or doing without the commencement exercises, as in former times, graduations were held for classes of as low as seven members, and in addition, the women students will be here to participate in the exercises."

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment For eczema, any skin itching. 50 a box

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

You will like it. Your best girl will like it. Your wife will like it. Your children will like it.

Like What?

Those delicious Chocolates in 1 lb. boxes at **29** and **39¢.**

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation Nisi, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of May, 1917.

1 AUMAN—The second and final account of W. D. Zerby, admr., D. B. N. C. T. A. of Wm. Auman, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

2 BAME—The first and final account of A. S. Stover admr., of &c., of Jacob B. Bame, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

3 BAME—The account of John F. Krape, guardian of William R. Bame, a minor of Charlotte C. Bame, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

4 BARNES—The first and final account of Jennie E. Harrison, admrx., of &c., of Tamazines T. Barnes, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

5 BEHERS—The first and final account of Sarah C. Behers, admrx., of &c., of Gerge W. Behers, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.

6 CONFER—The first and final account of Ira P. Confer, admr., of &c., of Ezekiel Confer, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.

7 DURST—The first and final account of Cora E. Wagner, admrx., of &c., Mary A. Durst, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

8 EDDY—The first and final account of M. C. Piper, admr., of &c., of L. T. Eddy, late of Milesburg Boro., dec'd.

9 EDDY—The first and final account of Margaret E. Zimmerman and L. Eddy Zimmerman, admrs., of &c., of Mrs. M. Ellen Eddy, late of Milesburg Boro., dec'd.

10 EVANS—The final account of Ella Ashcroft, admrx. of &c., of Mary N. Evans late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

11 FISHER—The first and final account of Frank M. Fisher, admr., of &c., of Charles W. Fisher, late of Gregg Twp., dec'd.

12 GRIFFITH—The first and final account of Samuel H. Griffith, Exr., of &c., of Mary Griffith, late of Spring Twp., dec'd.

13 GROVE—The first and final account of John W. Grove, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to sell real estate of Howard E. Grove, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.

14 HAFFLEY—The first and final account of A. S. Stover, admr., of &c., and trustee to sell real estate of Mary A. Haffley, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

15 HAFFLEY—The first and final account of A. S. Stover, trustee in partition to sell the real estate of John W. Hafley, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

16 HAWORTH—The final account of Margaret H. Enoch, executrix of Sarah Lord Haworth, late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

17 LODER—The first and final account of Mary C. Loder, admrx., of the goods and chattels of George R. Loder, late of Spring Twp., dec'd.

18 NEFF—The first and final account of Lott H. Neff, executor of &c., of Wm. H. Neff, late of Howard Boro. dec'd.

19 O'BRYAN—The first and final account of George W. O'Bryan, Exr., of &c., of Walter G. O'Bryan, late of Ferguson Twp., dec'd.

20 RUNKLE—The first and final account of John H. Runkle, Admr., of &c., of John R. Runkle, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

21 RUMBERGER—The first and final account of C. B. Rumberger and J. H., Rumberger, admrs., of the estate of W. Elmer Rumberger, late of Benner Township, dec'd.

22 SHROYER—The first and final account of Albert N. Bierly, admr., of &c., of Amy Shroyer, late of Boggs Township, dec'd.

23 STITZER—The first and final account of N. B. Spangler, Exr., of Hanna M. Stitzer, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

24 STITZER—The first and final account of N. B. Spangler, admr., d. b. n. c. t. a. of H. Y. Stitzer, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

25 SWABB—The first and final account of James W. Swabb, admr., of &c., of Wm. Swaub, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

26 TAYLOR—The first and final account of A. J. Weaver, admr., &c., of Effie M. Taylor, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

27 ZIMMERMAN—The first and final account of Harry L. Zimmerman, administrator of &c. of Susannah Zimmerman, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

28 LUCAS—The first and partial account of Rebecca Lucas, execx. of &c., of Hiram T. Lucas, late of Howard Boro., dec'd.

29 BEHER—The first and final account of John D. Wirtz, admr. of &c. of Amanda Beher, late of Patton Twp., dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1917.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 125 May Term, 1917. To Evan Miles and John Foster, administrators of Samuel Miles deceased and their successors, and to the heirs of Samuel Miles:

You are hereby notified that Jacob F. Musser and Susanna Musser who are the owners of real estate situate in Gregg Township, Centre County, Pa., fully described in a certain mortgage recorded in the the office for the recording of deeds in and for the County of Centre in Mortgage Book Vol. "C", at page 13, etc., given by John Diven to Evan Miles and John Foster, administrators of Samuel Miles, deceased, dated August 1, 1837, to secure the payment of the sum of $1402.80, have made application to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County for a citation on all parties interested in the said mortgage to appear in the said Court on the first Monday of July, 1917 and show cause, if any they have, why the said mortgage should not be saitsfied of record, the same having been paid but remaining open and unsatisfied and nothing having been paid thereon, either principal or interest, for a period of more than twenty years.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
April 24th, 1917.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Sharer.

Letters of administration on the estate of Christian Sharer, deceased, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to R. H. Gilbert, Esq., Tyrone, Pa.

EVE SHARER
CALVIN M. SHARER
Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George E. Knarr, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above named estate, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

GETTIG & BOWER, Attorneys, Bellefonte, Pa.
ROSA B. KNARR, Executrix, Blanchard, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—1 good gasoline lighting system. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

MONEY—Money to loan, Houses for rent and real estate for sale.
J. M. KEICHLINE
Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.
T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS—A live representative wanted for Bellefonte and vicinity to sell a newly patented office devise that every business man wants. Sells for $1.00; ½ profits. Free sample to workers. Write now. Meilicke Co., 351 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

Farms for Sale

63 acres, 3 miles from Juniata, good buildings, stock, crops, and machinery for only $5,000.

75 acres, near Grafton, fair buildings, good fruit of all kinds, stock and machinery for $3,500.

113 acres near Spruce Creek, good buildings, orchard, 20 acres wheat, hay and straw for $6,300, cash $3,000.

204 acres, 104 clear, 5½ miles from Huntingdon, good buildings, good timber, orchard, for $5,500, cash $3,000.

126 acres, 1½ miles from paved streets of city, good buildings of all kinds, spring water, fruit, for $9,500, cash $5,000; will exchange for west side property.

147 acres, near Brooks Mills good buildings, good orchard, for $9,500 part cash.

141 acres, 4 miles north of Petersburg, fair buildings, good orchard, for $4,500.

140 acres, ½ mile from McConnelstown, good buildings, timber, fruit, near all level for $5,500, half cash.

143 acres, 2 miles from Roaring Spring, fair buildings, 2 good orchards, $7,5 0, cash $2,500.

178 acres, 75 clear, 2 miles from Mapleton, good buildings, for $5,500, cash $3,500.

130 acres, 1½ miles from Bellwood, fair buildings, old and young orchard, for $4,700, cash $1,800, possession in 30 days.

260 acres, 2 miles from Spruce Creek, good outbuildings, 2 orchards, level, running water, for $12,750, half cash.

127 acres, 2 miles from Petersburg, good buildings, good orchard, spring water, for $4,000.

153 acres, 2 miles from McConneistown, good buildings, orchard, level, for $4,50?, cash $2,500.

100 acres, 3 miles from Alexandria, good buildings, good orchard, water in house for $3,500, cash $2,000.

Write us your wants. We have many large and small farms for sale; also city property. We option and sell farms, timber lands, city property lots or anything in real estate.

Altoona Real Estate Brokers

Rooms 30 and 31, Goldschmid Building
11th Ave. and 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
R. C. CORRELL, - - J. S. BAYER
Bell phone, 1644

How the Scale Was Turned

An Incident of the Russian Revolution

By F. A. MITCHEL

I.

Stephan Mikhailof left the duma, where he had been working hard for days to bring about a change in the government which had endured without break for many centuries. Calling a drosky, he entered it, telling the coachman to drive him to his home, and throwing himself back on the cushion behind him, closed his eyes and remained in a position denoting exhaustion till the vehicle drew up before his house on a broad avenue lining the Neva. Descending from the drosky, he paid the driver his fare and entered his home.

He was met in the hall by his daughter Marya, a girl not long turned seventeen. Marya was a typical Russian. Her eyes were a pale blue, her complexion soft white with a faint tinge of rose, her hair so light that had it not been for her youthful face it might have almost been mistaken for the whiteness of age.

"Oh, father," she said, "I am so glad that you have come. Sergius Ivanovitch is in Petrograd, his regiment having arrived last night. He has been to see me and begs me to intercede with you to gain your consent to our betrothal."

"Why do you trouble me about this matter," replied the father angrily, "at such a time? Do you not know that we are on the eve of a consummation of efforts that have been working for half a century to throw off the despotism which sucks the lifeblood of our people? Besides, it is impossible that you, the descendant of a long line of nobles, should unite with a commoner."

"But, papa, are you not working for the cause of the people?"

"Yes, but that is no reason why I should take one of the people into my family."

"Sergius is an officer, the youngest captain in his regiment."

"He was a common soldier in the ranks."

"And was promoted on account of his having more influence over his comrades than all the other officers of the regiment together."

"Enough. I have neither time nor inclination to argue with you on this point while engaged in the great work of pulling down the tottering bureaucracy. You know that the czar, aware of our efforts to free Russia, dissolved the representative assembly which we wrung from him in the last revolution. You know that we refused to be dissolved. This from the government's point of view is revolution, treason. Had the czar the power his predecessors had every member of the duma would either be sent to Siberia or executed. Even as it it, remember that your father is in jeopardy. If we succeed we will free our country; if we fail we will be prescribed. Our chains will be so riveted that the sledge of a Titan cannot break them."

"But surely you will win."

"Not if the czar continues to pour troops into the capital. All autocratic governments are supported by bayonets. The officers are usually chosen from the aristocratic classes, and the officers control the men. When the war began the bureaucracy controlled the appointment of officers and took care to appoint those upon whom they could rely to support the throne. Many of these officers have gone down in the struggle with the central powers, and their places have been filled by men from the people.

"It is to be supposed that the czar has concentrated such regiments in Petrograd as are officered by a superfluity of men upon whom he can rely. We are secretly arranging for a coup d'etat. Tomorrow morning the people will turn out in the streets and demand food. Their clamor will increase till the troops are called upon to quell the disturbance. That will be the critical moment. The revolution will commence, and its success depends upon whether the troops can be relied upon to shoot down the revolutionists. Now my child, I must get some rest. I have not slept for two nights. Do not mention again the name of Captain Ivanovitch. I will never consent to a union between you and any man who is not your equal in social rank."

The father was about to turn away when the daughter stopped him.

"But, papa," she said anxiously, "is not this a too dangerous move in which you are engaged? What course will our generals at the front take? Will they not protect the czarina and her children with their lives?"

"The czarina!" cried Mikhailof angrily. "It is this German woman who has brought about this grave crisis. She has been furnishing our enemies with information of our movements and our necessities. Through her influence trains laden with our stores have been sent from west to east instead of from east to west. In league with the detestable Rasputin she has baffled the efforts of those very generals at the front who you are thinking may protect her.

"It is they who have called upon us here to bring about this revolution. They have arranged that the czar shall be arrested and forced to abdicate for himself and for his son. The members of the imperial family are to be held prisoners in the palace. The best men in Russia are watching and waiting to form a new government."

While Mikhailof had been talking Marya had been listening intently, at the same time thinking of her lover, who on the morrow would take part in this great movement, anxious both for him and her father.

Stephan Mikhailof staggered upstairs to his room and without removing his clothes threw himself on the bed and was asleep the moment he touched it.

A few minutes later there was a summons at the street door, and Captain Ivanovitch entered the house. Marya joined him immediately.

"Have you seen your father?" the captain asked anxiously.

"Yes," replied Marya in a voice that trembled. "He has refused his consent."

Marya ran over what her father had told her as to that which was expected to occur the next day. When she had finished she asked her lover whether, when the revolution occurred, the troops would fire on the people.

"That is a matter of uncertainty. The men are in sympathy with the crowds they will be ordered to shoot down. Some of the officers are revolutionists, and some are loyal to the czar. This is the case in my regiment, and I believe it is true of the others unless it may be some of the more aristocratic commanders, where the officers all support the bureaucracy. Success or failure depends upon whether the people or the bureaucracy can win over the troops to their side."

II.

The next morning there was a feeling in Petrograd that momentous events were to be enacted. For a long while speculators had tied up food or the railroads had been overburdened transporting munitions of war, or the bureaucracy, which must receive its sop from the sale of everything the people needed, had been working its game. At any rate, while Russia was surfeiting in provisions there was a dearth of eatables in Petrograd. Crowds began to collect in the streets, and such places as were intended for the sale of food were surrounded. It seemed that every one living in the capital was interested in what was going on. Then regiments of soldiers were marched through the thoroughfares to positions to which they had been assigned. As they passed the crowds they were cheered, and they answered the salutes good naturedly. But their commanders remained rigid.

The troops of the —th regiment, of which Sergius Ivanovitch was a captain, were ordered to attack a number of laborers who had revolted. Their colonel, having drawn them up in line, gave the order to aim and was about to follow it with the word "Fire!" when Captain Ivanovitch stepped out before the soldiers and said:

"Soldiers, if you fire on these men, who are simply demanding bread that is denied them by the bureaucracy, you shall first kill me."

There were sounds of the dropping of the butts of rifles along the line, first a few, then an increase, followed by hundreds together. Then the workmen advanced and shook hands with the soldiers, and the crisis had passed.

The events of that memorable day followed in rapid succession, and the next day it was announced that the long line of Russian rulers, including so many despots—Ivan the Terrible, Catherine, whose immoral character had so stained the imperial ermine—had for the first time been broken if not ended.

Stephan Mikhailof, who went to sleep at his home the night before the revolution, did not awaken till the next afternoon. He was aroused by shouts and cheers without. Going to a window, he saw a large concourse of people standing in the street looking up at his house. Raising the sash, he bent forward and, looking down, saw that the center of the crowd's attraction was an officer in uniform standing on the landing of the steps leading up to the front door. While the crowd waved hats and handkerchiefs the officer was bowing his acknowledgments.

Mikhailof, having been clothed, was sufficiently presentable to go downstairs to learn what all this meant. He was met by his daughter.

"Who is the officer without?" he asked.

"Sergius Ivanovitch."

"And why is the crowd cheering him?"

"Because, papa, while you have been asleep there has been a revolution. The turning point came when Sergius' regiment was ordered to fire on some workmen. It was at an aim, ready to mow down the rebels, when Sergius stood between the regiment and the workmen and told the soldiers that if they fired on men who were simply demanding bread denied them by the bureaucracy they must first kill him. That turned the scale. The workmen and the soldiers fraternized, and from that moment regiment after regiment took the part of the people."

Marya's last words were drowned by a prolonged cheer without. Captain Ivanovitch turned and entered the house. The crowd dispersed.

Ivanovitch, seeing Mikhailof, paused.

"He came to see me, papa," said Marya, "and the crowd followed him here."

"It appears," said Mikhailof to the captain, "that while I have been sleeping the revolution has taken place and you have performed no small part of it."

"He stepped in at the crisis," said Marya, "and brought the soldiers to espouse the cause of the people."

"You mean I turned my regiment to the cause of the people," said Sergius modestly.

Mikhailof advanced to Ivanovitch and, putting both arms about him, kissed him, according to the Russian custom, first on one cheek, then on the other.

The Deserted Ship

She Came Into Cape Cod In Good Condition

By F. A. MITCHEL

I.

Captain Barnickel ceased going to sea with the close of the year 1914 and retired to his home on Cape Cod. He had built that home on the seashore and could look upon the ocean and the ships rounding the cape or standing far out to sea. In summer he would either be sitting in a wicker chair on his porch or pacing to and fro, as had been his habit on the bridge. In either case he was not far from an old fashioned glass that he had used many years before at sea.

One morning—it was the second summer after the captain had retired from sea life—he was pacing the porch when, seeing a sail approaching, he stopped his walk and stood looking out on her with his body bent forward and his hands clasped behind him, in exactly the same position that he had done the same thing at sea many a time before. Then, turning about, he went for his glass, supported on a pair of brackets against the front of the house, and, taking it down, leveled it on the vessel.

It was a schooner under half sail. There was a light wind, and she came along slowly. Now and again she would luff up into the wind, remain stationary for a short while, then, catching the breeze, move forward again.

"Looks as if there was no one at the helm," remarked the captain to himself.

He lowered his glass for awhile, raising it again when the schooner had drawn nearer. This time he could see her decks plainly, and not a person could be seen on them.

"That's very strange," said the captain.

It certainly was the strangest sight Captain Barnickel had ever seen—a full rigged ship sailing before the wind with not a person on deck, not even a helmsman. Nor was there sign of any person in the hold below or in the rigging.

The vessel was moving parallel to the shore. Had she not she would have been beached. When she came opposite the Barnickel home she luffed up into the wind and remained stationary. The observer had a good look at her. She seemed to be in perfect condition except that her boats were gone. That she was at the mercy of the winds and the waves was evident. If there were persons aboard of her they were certainly below, but there was not the slightest sign of any one above or below.

By this time the vessel was observed by other persons than the captain. Laying aside his glass, he walked to his gate and thence down to an inlet where there were boats. Taking one of them, he took aboard a volunteer crew and was pulled to the strange ship. Reaching her, he directed that the anchor be let go and the sails lowered. The ship being thus brought to a standstill, the captain looked about him.

As he had noticed from the shore, nothing was amiss on deck except that the boats were gone. The party went below and found nothing at all amiss there. Indeed, the table was set in the cabin for breakfast, and a pot of coffee stood at one end of the table. It was stone cold, as were all the dishes that had been prepared. Evidently something had occurred just before those on board were expecting to sit down to the morning meal.

The only indication of a hasty flight was that the lockers in the staterooms stood open and for the most part empty. A few pieces of clothing lay upon the floor. That women and children had been aboard was evident from the fact that articles of clothing fitted for such persons were present. The log was found, and the last entry had been made six weeks before and had ended abruptly with no mention of approaching danger.

The name of the ship painted on the stern and in other places was the Esperanza, from which it was judged that she was a Spaniard. Whatever had occurred to cause her desertion must have taken place off Gibraltar, for the last reckoning entered indicated this.

Captain Barnickel had met something that in all of his forty years at sea he had never met before. He had run across derelicts, but not a deserted ship. Those about him looked to him for guidance, and he directed that the vessel be taken into the inlet and docked. This was done by the men under the captain's orders. The Esperanza was tied up, her sails lowered, doors locked, and there she remained while those who had taken her in waited for some tidings of those who had deserted her. Meanwhile Captain Barnickel reported her presence on the Cape Cod coast to the proper authorities.

II.

Jose Alvarez, a young sailor of Cadiz, had risen from before the mast to be first mate of a vessel, and on returning from a voyage the owners of the ship he was on announced to him that they were intending to give him a command. This was good news for the sailor, for he had been for several years betrothed to a young girl, and his promotion would enable him to marry her. Not only this, but, being master of his ship, he could take her with him on a voyage. There was still another advantage: the young sailor had saved $10,000 and became part owner in the ship he commanded.

Captain Alvarez was not given a large ship; indeed, the concern which owned these vessels confined their marine operations to small ones. The vessel to which the young captain was appointed was intended for a freighter between Cadiz and South America, though there were rooms for a few passengers whenever any such desired to go on her. But since she was not a steamer, passengers seldom cared to use her unless it was between points where a steamer was not to be had.

When the ship was loaded there was a wedding on shore, and the captain took his bride aboard his ship. There were several passengers, including a few women and children. The trip being the wedding journey of the captain of the vessel, naturally the start was a jolly one. The captain and his bride were acquainted with the passengers, and the voyage bade fair to be a party of pleasure.

The only drawback to this prospect was the great European war, which was in its second year, and the sinking of ships by means of German submarines. At that time there was no arming of merchantmen, and they were at the mercy of any submarine that could come near enough to get a shot at them. But Captain Alvarez believed that submarines infested the lanes usually traveled by steamers, and his course took him far from such lanes. He proposed to skirt the African coast for some distance and then turn eastward and cross the Atlantic where the ocean surface was largely free from ships. Indeed, he intended to sail nearly upon the course sailed by Columbus on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

However, he must cross the ship lane taken by vessels running between New York and Gibraltar. Here was his danger. If he got over it in safety there would not be much danger for the rest of the voyage unless unhappily he might meet one of those ships sent out by the German government as sea raiders.

True enough, it was on the sea lane between New York and Gibraltar that a blow fell. The captain, his wife and the passengers were about to sit down to breakfast one morning when the watch called out from above:

"Captain, there's a submarine on our port bow!"

The captain ran on deck, followed by the men passengers, while the women huddled together, clasping the children in their arms with blanched faces. The submarine's periscope could be seen above the surface of the water moving toward the vessel. There was a fine wind, and Alvarez determined to try to escape by putting on all sail. Turning his stern to the submarine, he showed her heels and had the wind held might have escaped, but within half an hour he struck a calm. Then the submarine pulled up near the ship and ordered those aboard of her to take to the boats.

There was nothing to be done except to obey the order. The women and children were first put into the boats, which were stocked with provisions and water; then the crew and the captain last. All must be done hastily, for the captain of the submarine had given a limit of time, and they feared that if they exceeded it the ship would be sunk before they could effect the transfer. Besides, to embark on the heaving billows many miles from shore with nothing but oars to propel the boats was in itself a dreadful experience.

While they were making the transfer the captain of the submarine asked Captain Alvarez what kind of a cargo he carried. Alvarez answered that it was principally Spanish wines. The German, not averse to taking aboard such a stock, determined before sinking his prize to send for some of the juice of the grape.

The passengers had left the ship and were pulling for the coast when two things appeared which changed the situation. The smoke of a British cruiser was seen, the vessel coming from the direction of Gibraltar. The submarine made off southward. She had barely started before a thick fog rolled up and wrapped everything in oblivion.

Those in the boats had a compass with them and were thus enabled to steer a straight course. After terrible exposure they reached a wild part of Africa and in time made their way back to Cadiz.

Their return was a melancholy one, especially since the groom's savings of nearly ten years at sea were supposed to have been sent to the bottom of the Atlantic by the submarine. The ship owners did not relish risking more vessels on the deep, and Alvarez was obliged to remain at home in idleness, his discontent being enhanced by the fact that he was earning nothing and now had a wife to support.

But one day when he was lamenting his fate word came of the strange vessel that had come to Cape Cod. No one thought that this could be the ship of which Alvarez had been master till the name Esperanza was given. Then theories began to be broached as to how she had escaped. The real reasons which have been given here—the appearance of the cruiser and the fog—did not become known till later. The winds, which had been for a long while out of the east, had blown the ship across the Atlantic ocean.

Captain Alvarez, being furnished by the ship owners with means and documents to prove property, crossed the ocean and claimed the Esperanza. In returning on her to Cadiz he had better luck than before and arrived safely.

A Diplomatic Mission

It Was Attended With Difficulties

By ELINOR MARSH

James Maitland, son of an admiral in the U. S. navy, fell in love with and married Mlle. Julie de Lavalle, the daughter of a French diplomat who had spent many years in the French service, a considerable portion of which time he resided in Washington. M. de Lavalle never represented his country as an ambassador. He was an adept at secret methods then in vogue between nations, but, since the open diplomacy of the late Secretary Hay, now largely done away with. When any quick Machiavellian work was to be executed it fell to Lavalle.

Maitland and Mlle. de Lavalle were married while the bridegroom was employed in the state department. At the time the Panama canal was being located and there was any amount of chicanery perpetrated both as to its location and the prevention of its location both by Central and North Americans. Then came young Maitland's opportunity. One morning the secretary sent for him, handed him a dispatch and told him that he wished him to take it to the United States consul at Vera Cruz, who would see that it reached its destination.

Delighted at being thus enabled to make a beginning in his profession, Maitland took the dispatch—it was placed in an official envelope of the state department addressed to the consul—and was about to leave when the secretary said to him:

"It is essential that the information contained in that envelope reaches our consul in Vera Cruz on or before the 13th. After that date it will be too late. It is well that you should know that its prompt delivery will involve the making or the failure to make millions of dollars by certain capitalists. You will therefore be very guarded in speaking of your mission and watch well the dispatch. I send it to Vera Cruz by you in order that no one in this country may know its ultimate destination. Nevertheless there are plenty of spies about, and we may have them right here in the state department. Be careful, and good luck to you."

When Maitland went home and with the exhilaration of youth told his wife of his mission, its importance, considering the interests involved, and all that, she failed to show similar enthusiasm.

"What is it, pet?" he said. "You don't seem pleased."

"Jimmie," she replied, "you will never get it through."

"Why not?"

"They will steal it from you."

"What makes you think so, Julie?"

"From a little girl I have heard my father tell the ways people take to outwit one another. I know all about it. You know nothing."

However, the little woman packed her husband's suit case—all the baggage he proposed to take—then took the dispatch to the library, and when she returned handed her husband a box of cigars. He opened it and removed the top layers and below was an envelope addressed to Senora Sanchez, Mexico City, in Mrs. Maitland's own hand.

"Little one, you're a brick," said the young diplomat. "I see your scheme. It would never do to leave the dispatch in my suit case under cover of a state department envelope, would it?"

"No. Now, Jimmie, do be careful of the suit case and don't let it out of your sight a moment."

Maitland gave her a dozen kisses, picked up the suit case, called a carriage and started for the train. He reached New York during the afternoon and went at once on board the steamer which was to sail early the next morning. He was about to lock his stateroom door on the suit case, when, remembering that there might be other keys that would unlock it, he took the dispatch out from under the cigars and put it in his pocket. If he was followed, with a view to stealing the document, his baggage was surely the first place the thief would look for it. In order to discover if the case had been opened for the purpose, in replacing the cigars he laid all of those on the top row with the ends in the same direction except one, which he reversed. Having done this he went on deck for air.

The next morning Maitland found himself out on the Atlantic ocean heading for the gulf of Mexico. He walked the deck alone, having resolved not to make a single acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to his stateroom for a nap, and before lying down it occurred to him to examine his suit case. Not that he really expected to find evidence of any one having been there, but simply to satisfy himself that it was as he had left it.

What was his astonishment to find every cigar in the box laid in the same direction. The one he had placed differently had been reversed.

The discovery took his breath away. After all, his wife was right. If there were those on his track who had already shown such skill in hunting for the document, what more would they do? Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The dispatch was there. But he did not feel assured that it would be there when he arrived at Vera Cruz. He vowed that no one should during the passage come within arm's length of him.

He napped in his berth and read a novel which he had brought with him during the afternoon and evening, not leaving his stateroom. The next morning he passed on deck. He expected every moment that some man would attempt to make his acquaintance. No man did, but a very pretty young woman sitting in a steamer chair looked at him as he passed her and cast down her long Spanish lashes. Every time he passed her in pacing back and forth she gave him the same glance and the same downward sweep. He suspected her at once and put himself on his guard.

With the exception of the Spanish woman there was no evidence of any person or persons shadowing him. But on the second day out an old lady with very white hair came up the companionway and looked about for a seat. The ship was rolling, and Maitland, taking hold of her arm, supported her to a steamer chair. She thanked him, but he would have nothing to do with her. Surely he had reason to suspect every one. The old lady besides thanking him made some commonplace remark, to which it would have been polite for him to respond, but he turned from her as though she had some infectious disease.

Several times after that he surveyed her from a distance and noticed that she looked very peculiar. Indeed, after scrutinizing her one afternoon as she sat dozing in her steamer chair it occurred to him that she was a young person disguised as an old woman. When the day before the ship was due at Vera Cruz he saw her and the young Spanish woman sitting side by side and talking confidentially he made up his mind that they had been sent out from Washington to steal his dispatch and that one or both of them had already opened his suit case. Probably one did the work while the other kept watch.

A few hours before his arrival in port Maitland went to his stateroom, took the dispatch from his pocket and looked at it. He felt very happy. If he had got it so far on the journey despite those who were trying to get it from him surely he could do what little remained. Replacing it, he picked up his cigarette case, which he had left on a shelf, lighted a cigarette and, lying down with his novel, began to read. He soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

When he awoke the ship was in port. He felt nauseated. Something had happened. He clapped his hand to his side pocket.

The dispatch was gone.

"Beaten after all," he moaned.

Starting up, he staggered out and on to the deck. No one had gone ashore. A last hope occurred to him. He would have the two women arrested on a trumped up charge. There they were near the companionway. He rushed forward and, seeing a policeman on the dock, beckoned to him. The man met him on the companionway, and Maitland, slipping a ten dollar bill into his hand, told him that there were two women thieves on board who had robbed him. When the women reached the dock they were taken into custody. They made a great ado at their arrest, asserting their innocence.

"I am an American," said the old lady, "and I demand to be taken before the United States consul."

"I will take you to the consulate," said Maitland, "provided your confederate will consent to go with us."

The old lady persuaded the other woman to make no objection, assuring her that it was their best course. Maitland called a carriage, and the three travelers entered, the policeman climbing to the box. On reaching the consulate Maitland insisted that the Spanish woman go in with them. He did not dare leave her in the carriage. She seemed indifferent about it, and the three went in together. The consul being engaged at the time, they were placed in the waiting room.

While waiting, Maitland, facing the old lady, scrutinized her. What was there that was familiar about her? Suddenly—the Spanish woman's back was turned—she gave him a smile.

He recognized his wife.

Rising, Julie went into the hall, Maitland following her.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's safe."

"Where?"

"In my corsage."

"How did you come by it?"

"I've had it all the time. When I handed you the cigar box in Washington it contained a dummy. I kept the dispatch."

"Who opened my suit case?"

"The woman in there."

"How do you know?"

"I saw plainly that she had been sent to delay the delivery of the dispatch and, pretending that I was on the same errand, won her confidence, and we agreed to work together. After she found the envelope was not in your suit case she was sure you had it on your person. You were very careless to leave your cigarettes in your stateroom. She picked the lock with a skeleton key, went in and replaced your cigarettes with those that had been drugged. When you were asleep she robbed you."

"And the dummy? What did she say when she discovered that?"

"She cried. Had she secured the dispatch she would have been paid $100,000."

While Julie was explaining she was opening her dress, took out the real dispatch and handed it to her husband. Returning to the room he had left, he told the Spanish woman that he had found the missing article, apologized and said she might go where she liked.

When Maitland delivered his dispatch his wife did not appear in the transaction. He was well launched in the profession he had chosen.

REVENUE BILLS THROUGH HOUSE

But Their Fate in the Senate Is Uncertain.

WOULD RAISE MANY MILLIONS

By Terms of Woodward Measures No Less Than $4,000,000 Might be Collected as a Tax on Petroleum, Natural Gas and Coal—Mothers' Pension Bill Reduced.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 15.—A constructive piece of revenue legislation is through the house and up to the senate for final consideration. It is the Woodward series of bills placing a tax of two per cent on crude petroleum, natural gas and coal of all kinds. The income from this taxation is variously estimated, the lowest estimate being $4,000,000 and the highest $7,000,000.

So necessary is revenue legislation to meet the increased departmental expenses and the demands of charitable institutions that the passage of these measures was not attended by a debate of any sort. But four votes were recorded against the bills.

It is difficult to predict what will happen to the bills in the senate. Though the members of the upper branch realize the necessity of a rehabilitation of the treasury, many of them are outspoken against increasing the taxation burden at this particular time. They feel that increased state taxation, added to the general government tax program that is certain to be adopted at Washington, would prove too great a hardship on the people.

Must Have Revenue.

On the other hand, if the Woodward revenue raisers are not enacted into laws, together with kindred revenue bills, hospitals cannot expect increased appropriations, despite the fact that never before has it been so necessary for the state to lend a helping hand in that direction. The cost of everything used about a hospital has mounted almost to a prohibitive figure and this, of course, includes foodstuffs. In addition hospital help is being paid the high dollar due to a scarcity of labor.

But, as already indicated in these articles, it would be folly to pass larger appropriation bills without money in the treasury to meet the sums alloted. The two chairmen of the appropriation committees do not intend to make this mistake and they are holding in committee the hospital bills until they are able to determine definitely the fate of the measures to give the state more sources of revenue.

The mothers' pension bill is out on the house calendar in reduced form. It calls for $400,000, or just one-half the amount sought by the members of mothers' pension boards. But there is little complaint heard regarding the reduction, as the amount favored is about $150,000 more than appropriated two years ago.

A bill taxing moving picture films has been put in the house by Representative Beyer, of Philadelphia, and will be pushed vigorously. The owner or lessee of a film would have to pay the tax upon approval of the picture by the board of censors. It is specified that the revenue thus raised be used in paying the insurance on state property.

Teachers' Pension in Doubt.

Low funds may be the means of blocking passage of the teachers' pension bill, which up until the present had more than a fair chance of getting through. In fact this bill did pass the senate and was progressing through the house when halted and returned to committee to await revenue developments.

As introduced, the bill provides that one-half of the pension fund be appropriated by the state and the other one-half by the teachers. Now the lawmakers feel that the state could not stand a fifty per cent drain and they suggest that the fund be made up in three parts, instead of two. That is to say, the state stand one-third, the teachers one-third and the school districts the remaining one-third. According to the advocates of this plan the condition of the state treasury makes it impossible for the state to assume one-half of this burden. They do not hesitate to predict that unless such an arrangement is made there will be no teachers' pension legislation at this session.

The house has passed finally three bills relating to the liquor business. Two others were postponed. The measures passed are the Smith bill prohibiting cabarets; Ramsey bill eliminating the free lunch, and the Sinclair bill, fixing closing hours for saloons. The liquor element did not oppose any of the measures.

Representatives William Davis, of Cambria, and Walters opposed the Smith cabaret bill. The latter, who is an attorney, said it would stop all dances at summer hotels and interfere with amusements that were not induced by the liquor sold in any hotel. Davis charged that it would prevent a country hotelkeeper from dancing with members of his own family.

RURAL MEMBERS ARE STIRRED UP

Working on Farmers' Needs and Some New Legislation.

PLAN CHANGE IN DEPARTMENT

Agricultural Representatives Endorse Scheme Which Would Abolish Commission and Create Instead a Farmers' Board With Sweeping Powers. Proposed Fish Code in Senate.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 15.—A statewide census to determine the farmers' needs and the resources of cities and other populous places has been started. The object is to obtain the highest possible percentage of efficiency in these critical days of scarce food supply.

The plans for the census have been arranged at a conference of the governor, representatives of the departments of labor and agriculture, John C. Frazee, vice chairman of the school mobilization committee, and a committee of agricultural members of the house.

Definite information will be obtained as to the area of the more than 225,000 farms of the state, their present crops, and what percentage of increase could be obtained if adequate labor were supplied.

The census also includes the canneries, and information will be obtained as to what their maximum capacity will be if the necessary labor is obtained.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the rural members of the legislature one day last week a majority decided to raise a protest against the Whitaker bill, placing the appointment of a secretary of agriculture in the hands of the agriculture commission. Instead they will press for the plan incorporated in the bills introduced in the senate by Schantz, of Lehigh, and in the house by Lohr, of Somerset.

Would Rip Out Commission.

This Schantz-Lohr plan would rip out the agriculture commission altogether and create a state board of agriculture to be made up of one representative from each of the sixty-seven counties. This representative would be chosen at a convention of members of the Pomona Grange and of agricultural societies. To be an agriculture society within the meaning of the act would mean any farmers' organization raising at least $50 for the promotion of agriculture.

The state board of agriculture, made up of the sixty-seven representatives from the counties of the state, would, in turn, elect an executive committee of seven. This executive committee is empowered by the bill to appoint the secretary of agriculture, dairy and food commissioner, economic zoologist and other attaches of the agriculture department.

The rural members decided to oppose the Walter bill giving the state right of eminent domain to take quarry products for roads on the ground that it is too broad in its powers.

The league will favor the bill to require men to show tax receipts before being allowed to take out hunters' licenses and those for county boards of assessors and for simpler means of collection of taxes. The Siggins township code bill was commended.

New Fish Code.

The new fish code passed by the house with little opposition is expected to go through the senate without a great deal of trouble. It has been amended to meet the views of the sportsmen's associations in the matter of preventing the stocking of private streams closed to the public with fish furnished by the state hatcheries and their objection to the omission of this provision has been overcome.

The code has nothing to do with the fishermen's license bill, which is a separate measure, but governs the fishing in the inland waters of the commonwealth regulating the seasons, size and creel limits and devices that may be used, and codifies the existing laws on these subjects. It takes effect January 1, 1918.

The code forbids the taking of fish in the inland waters in any other way than with rod, hook and line, excepting in tidal waters and in the lower Susquehanna. It forbids the sale of bass, it wipes out the spear, net and gig; it confines the number of hooks to be attached to a line, to three; it reduces the trout limit to twenty-five per day; it opens the bass season July 1 instead of June 15; it regulates strictly the catching of bait fish and effects many other reforms that have been long advocated by those desirous of improving the fishing conditions in the inland waters.

The house has defeated the Maurer bill, authorizing second and third class cities to engage in farming, including dairy farming, and selling the productions to citizens at cost. This was the first bill presented by the lone Socialist member, Representative Maurer, of Berks, to get as far as final passage.

The Beyer bill, providing that one half of the salary of any county, municipal or school district employe who enlists in the army or navy, shall go to the employes' dependents and one-half to the person who is appointed to fill his place, has passed the senate finally and goes to the governor.

The Part Played by Miss Dudley

It Did Not Result Exactly as Was Expected

By ETHEL HOLMES

A motorcar drove up to the porte-cochere of a country house overlooking beautiful hills and the valleys between them. A girl alighted, and another girl came out of the house and took the new arrival in her arms; then, each encircling the other's waist, they passed into the house.

Later they sat on the porch together. The newcomer said:

"Well, Clara, I'm here. What can I do for you?"

"I want you to act a part."

"Are you to give up your place for a movie play? Surely the pictures will be beautiful."

"No movie play; the real thing."

"Go on. You interest me."

"You know that I am very rich."

"I certainly do, having experienced many a taste of your fortune."

"We rich girls when it comes to marriage are at a great disadvantage."

"I thought it was we dowerless girls who suffer in that respect."

"You know very well that I mean we wish to be loved for ourselves and we are usually loved for our possessions."

"That's better than not being loved at all."

"Stop your nonsense till I have finished. What I have to say is serious. Of course marriage in the case of a girl who has a fortune necessarily becomes something of a commercial matter. She is expected to get an equivalent from the man she marries."

"Inclined, you mean."

"I suppose so. A match has been arranged by mutual friends whom I met in England between me and Lord Edmonston. He is heir to the title, but there is no estate; at least it is largely encumbered."

"The commercial part of it all is that you are to go into a matrimonial partnership, he to furnish the title, you the wherewithal to keep it up."

"Bluntly but truthfully stated. Nevertheless we women prefer to be loved by the man we marry. Edmonston and I have never met. He is coming tomorrow to make my acquaintance and will remain here so long as he likes. Now, I wish you to be I while I am you. I shall try to win his heart, he supposing his interest is in you. Do you see?"

Ruth Dudley looked serious.

"Yes; I see plainly, but suppose you fail to induce him to give up the rich girl for the poor girl? Where will I be? Your mother from the time I was a baby saved me from poverty and all that means to a child in its future station in life. This she did by using that fortune you now possess. You ask me to do that which in case your plan fails will lay me open to a charge of base ingratitude."

They were sitting side by side on a wicker bench. Clara Kimball put an arm around her friend's waist, drew her to her, kissed her and said:

"Ruth, dear, if my plan fails I shall rejoice to greet you as Lady Edmonston."

"Thank you, Clara. I have no ambition to marry a man with something to live up to and nothing to do it on."

But Miss Dudley was persuaded to do that against which her inclinations as well as her judgment rebelled. It was the obligation that compelled her. She accepted the situation, resolving that if she could antagonize Lord Edmonston she would certainly do so.

Mrs. Kimball, Clara's mother, was the only person in the house besides these two, excepting the servants, and she was in her daughter's secret. She was to keep out of the way except so far as she would be needed as chaperon. Lord Edmonston arrived, and Ruth received him as his prospective fiancee. There are good men in the British aristocracy and there are men who do not deserve to be classed as men. Edmonston belonged to the former class.

Edmonston did what would naturally have been expected of him under the circumstances—he showed a preference for the girl he supposed to be the heiress. Ruth treated him, to say the least, without cordiality. Clara did her best to please him. Edmonston appeared to accept the situation and showed himself disposed toward the company of Clara. It must have been evident to him that he had not made a good impression on the supposed heiress, but that her friend was quite pleased with him. What he really thought or felt neither of the girls knew. When the first day of his visit ended the girls before going to bed held a conference and the real Ruth congratulated the real Clara on the way the plan was working.

"It bids fair," said Ruth, "to be a very pretty romance with a delightful denouement."

"You shall come and live with me at Edmonston castle," said Clara.

"Ruth," said Clara one morning, "this is downright selfishness on my part. If I am to have a coronet and a fortune you should have at least a fortune. I have written Duncan Swift to come up for the week end. Set your cap for him. He's very wealthy and a fine fellow. He indicated to me once that it would be a good plan to unite our fortunes, but neither loved the other, and I declined. Besides, it has always been my ambition to marry a nobleman."

"At any rate," replied Ruth, "another man in the house will be conducive to carrying out your plans."

"How?"

"Why, I shall show Lord Edmonston that I am for your friend, Mr. Swift. Edmonston will accept the inevitable and be better satisfied to take you without the fortune since he can't get it through me. But, Clara, Mr. Swift, knowing you to be Clara Kimball, will give the plan away."

"Not at all. I shall let him into the secret."

Affairs of the heart are prone to take their own course. Mr. Swift came and, as Miss Kimball had arranged, devoted himself assiduously to Miss Dudley. But the pleasant relations that should have existed in this quartet were marred by an antagonism on the part of the two men, which showed itself at once and developed with amazing rapidity. This the girls could not understand. Edmonston was devoted to Clara, and Swift's attentions to Ruth were very noticeable. Why then should the men be antagonistic to each other?

It was not long after Swift's arrival that Edmonston, seeing Ruth alone in the garden, went out and joined her.

"Miss Kimball," he said, "I think this visit, which has not resulted in what it was intended for, should come to an end."

Ruth looked up at him surprised.

"When I came here," he continued, "as soon as I saw you I said to myself there is the woman I would wish for my wife irrespective of her fortune. From the first you have shown that you have no such feelings toward me. There is no necessity for me to remain longer. I leave at once. I have the honor to bid you goodby."

"But," stammered Ruth, "you have been devoting yourself to my friend."

"A ruse de guerre. I hoped to pique you."

Ruth stood a picture of conflicting emotions. What she had feared but what in her heart she had craved had happened.

"Lord Edmonston," she said, "don't go today. There is something that needs to be explained to you."

"I should be pleased to listen to the explanation."

"Not now, tomorrow."

Edmonston looked at her inquiringly, then consented to remain till the next day.

Ruth went at once into the house to find Clara, intending to break to her the news of this lamentable failure of her plan. As she passed the library she saw Swift and Clara there in earnest conversation. She passed on to her own room to wait till she could see Clara alone. After what seemed to Ruth from voices in the library below an earnest conversation there was a lowering of voices and presently silence. In due time Clara's footstep was heard on the stairs, and she entered Ruth's room. Ruth was still a volcano of emotion, and Clara seemed not less perturbed.

"Oh, Clara!"

"Oh, Ruth!"

"What I feared when you announced this plan to me has happened."

"And what I have feared since has happened."

"What's that?"

"When Duncan Swift proposed to me I supposed it was simply to unite our fortunes."

"Well?"

"He says it wasn't that at all. He loves me. As soon as he came here and found Edmonston here he was wild."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he says that—oh, Ruth, I can't say it—do you love him?"

"Go on."

"He says he devoted himself to you to pique me."

Ruth stared at her friend, but said nothing.

"Are you crushed at what I tell you?"

"Do you love Swift?"

"Yes; I have accepted him. But heavens! How am I to break the matter to Edmonston?"

Ruth went to her friend and embraced her.

"Never mind Edmonston," she said. "If he wants a fortune he'll have to find it in another. These two men have been playing the same game."

"What do you mean?" asked Clara.

"Edmonston, in order to pique the heiress, has been devoting himself to the heiress' friend."

"He loves you?"

"Probably he loves the fortune he supposes I possess."

"That remains to be seen."

"Which of us shall confess?" asked Ruth.

"I will confess for both," said Clara.

Edmonston was still pacing in the garden when Clara found him there.

"Lord Edmonston," she said, "I am not Miss Dudley, as you have supposed. I am Miss Kimball."

Edmonston looked astonished.

"Before uniting any fortune with your title I desired to win your love. I have not won your love nor have you won mine. I have this morning accepted a lover from whom I have been separated by a misunderstanding. As for my friend Ruth Dudley, you may settle your affairs with her direct."

"Where is she now?"

"In her room. If you desire to speak with her go into the library. I will send her to you."

That same evening the two girls were in Clara's room in dishabille comparing notes as to the events of the day. Both were happy.

"What did Lord Edmonston say to you, Ruth?" asked Clara.

"What did Mr. Swift say to you?"

"Oh, it would sound flat at being repeated."

"My case exactly. The only real love scenes, Clara, are at the end of a movie play. When they kiss you know just how they feel."

Miss Dudley is now Lady Edmonston. Her husband got a fortune through an uncle. He didn't have to marry it.

Gray Leaved Plants.

Next to green, gray is the restfulest and most satisfactory color to be had in foliage.

We now have so many hardy plants with gray foliage that we can choose one for each month of bloom and color of flower. Among them are the silvery milfoil, gold dust, the white and purple rockcress, the woolly leaved chickweed, many hardy pinks, Siebold's day lily, Fischer's horned poppy, lavender cotton, woundwort and woolly thyme. Some of these are decidedly silvery. Others incline to a blue cast, which is most pronounced in the globe thistles and sea hollies. Such colors are so unusual in nature that it is easy to overdo them in gardens.—Country Life in America.

Precedent Nobly Ignored.

Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided counsels, must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America—happily we trust for the whole human race—they pursued a new and more noble course.—James Madison.

Flag Carried by Armed Force.

The Stars and Stripes appeared on the streets of Paris recently as the battle flag of an armed force. When the flag and 50 men of the American field service were on their way to the railroad station for the front they were acclaimed enthusiastically by early risers all along the route.

The contingent had just been reviewed by Col. Girard, head of the automobile section of the French officers and Prof. A. Piatt Andrew, head of the American field service. The parade ground near the headquarters of the medical section of the service was surrounded at an early hour by a large and enthusiastic crowd eager to see the Americans carrying arms in service for France under the "Star Spangled Banner," the favorite name in France for the American colors.

Thirty-one members of the contingent are from Cornell University and a graduate of Cornell, Edward Tinkhaf, of Montclair, N. J., is in command with R. T. Scully, a Princeton man, from Pittsburgh, as his assistant.

This is the first detachment of the American field service to bear arms and detailed for the transportation of munitions to the front.

The Liberty Loan

The First National Bank of Bellefonte will receive subscriptions for the 3½% Government Loan of $2,000,000,000 authorized. We shall be glad to arrange for your subscription without charge.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

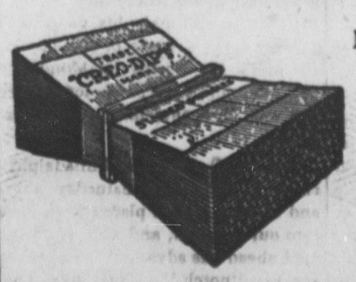
Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

Distributing Agents For



Mauck's Red Seal Brand of Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles.

Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

Call, Write or phone for information

Bell Phone 170-J. Commercial Phone 44-Y

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Don't suffer longer with

RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 ravel Policy at $12.00 er ye ar.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Attorney Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, was a visitor in Bellefonte Friday.

Henry Lowry, of McKeesport, arrived in Bellefonte Friday morning on a little business.

Blain Mabus and two little sons, spent Sunday with Mr. Mabus' parents, at Lewisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson and danghter Lucy, spent Sunday with friends in Snow Shoe.

We are saving the community lots of money on our groceries. Get next. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. Cameron Burnside, of Howard, has been a guest of Miss Mary Brockerhoff in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Harry Curtin, came to Bellefonte Monday afternoon and took the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer for Pittsburgh, where she is visiting her son, J. Mac Curtin.

James Gheret, after spending several days in Bellefonte, left Sunday for Akron, Ohio, where he has a good job. He is now thinking of joining the army.

Governor Brumbaugh, by formal proclamation, cancelled "Good Roads day," set for May 24th, and substituted therefor "Farm and Garden Day."

The war department wants 10,000 mechanics of all kinds. Wages from $75 to $80 per month. How many in Centre county will answer the call?

Mrs. Thomas K. Morris, who had been visiting in Bellefonte at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek, left Saturday for her home in Pittsburgh.

Ferguson Parker, of Bellefonte, went to Williamsport last week with the idea of taking the examination for the aviation corps. He would have passed had he been just a little heavier.

Friday morning Darius Waite and his sister, Miss Sarah Waite, went to Tyrone where they attended the funeral of their uncle, Christian Ever, who quite frequently visited here at the Waite home.

Daniel Clemson, formerly clerk in Green's drug store, is making the rounds in Bellefonte and Centre county with the object of enlisting young men for the hospital corps who will eventually sail for France. He is getting some.

Col. H. S. Taylor, of Bellefonte, was among the speakers at the patriotic demonstration at Altoona on Saturday. The orator of the day, or the principal speaker, was Hon. E. C. Bonniwell, of Philadelphia. Judge Thomas J. Baldridge, made the opening address.

Mrs. S. D. Ray, of Bellefonte, who had been in the hospital in Philadelphia for the past six weeks, returned home Thursday afternoon. She was accompanied byher daughter, Mrs. R. H. Smith, of Goldsboro, N. C. Aside from being a little weak she is getting along nicely.

Frank L. Wetzler, organizer and leader (cornetist) and Walter A. Hugg (clarinetist) of the famous "Our Boys Band," of Milesburg, played with the Shriners Band of the Altoona Order of Masons in the patriotic parade in Altoona on Saturday last, when 20,000 persons participated.

Mrs. D. I. Willard, of Bellefonte, was called to Union City, Pa., Monday afternoon by the death of her niece, Mrs Kunkel, nee Miss Imogene Hayes, who a number of times visited at the Willard home. Her death occurred on Sunday and her friends here received the sad news with much regret.

Groceryman Park Weaver, of Bellefonte, is going to the front and in order to get himself in trim he is receiving training at State College, under Prof. Hugh Diemer, to be appointed on the Quartermaster's Corps or stores keeping for the ordnance department of the army. He would make a good man for either job.

Last Friday Mrs. Yocum wife, of Dr. Ezra Yocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist church, became very ill at the parsonage on east Linn street and was taken to Mrs. Tanner's boarding house, on High street. For several days afterwards she became worse but with proper medical aid and the attention of her friends she is now getting along very nicely.

Miss Jennie Irvin, book-keeper for the Bell Telephone Co., in Bellefonte, left Friday for Altoona, where she visited until Monday. The day she left her friend Leona Maitland, of Williamsport, came to spend several days with the Irvin family on north Spring street. Miss Maitland is the daughter of the late W. B. Maitland, who at one time was one of Bellefonte's most progressive business men, being proprietor of the boiler works on the site now occupied by the Potter-Hoy ware house on west Hight street.

Sunday morning Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, and Dr. W. M. B. Glanding, pastor of the Lutheran church, exchenged pulpits. This diversion was very much enjoyed by both congregations. It being "Mother's Day." Dr. Glanding paid a fitting tribute to the exalted station the mothers of the country occupy in the formation of everything that is good, noble and true. He was in special oratorical mood and the interesting way he approached the subject was very pleasing. Dr. McKinney also gave his hearers a most excellent sermon.

The regular 12c. loaf of bread for 9c. Cohen & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Decker arrived home last Thursday from Chambersburg where they been for several weeks.

James A. McClain, of Hastings, was among those who attended the funeral of Father Patrick McArdle on Saturday morning.

W. L. Foster came to Bellefonte Saturday with his son, Russell Foster, who wason his way to the Madison Barracks training camp New York.

Mrs. B. F. Hammel, of Warren, Ohio, is now in Bellefonte as the guest of her brother, John Kreamer, on east Lamb street, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. James C. Davis and young son, of Tyrone, were the week-end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity, on south Spring street.

Another sign of the good old summer time was the placing the screen doors to the enterance of Green's drug store which was done Friday morning.

Mrs. Isaac Maitland and her two children, of Williamsport, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Cruse, in Bellefonte, left Monday afternoon for home.

Miss Josephine Kohlbecker, formerly of Milesburg, but now of Jeanette, was in Bellefonte Saturday morning, to attend the funeral of her late pastor, Rev. Father McArdle.

Mrs. Collins Johnston, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Maud, returned to Bellefonte Friday from Clearfield county, where they had been visiting Mrs. Johnston's children.

Malin Cowdrick, son of the late Harry Cowdrick, of Niagara Falls, and bride, who spent one week as guests of Mr and Mrs. Harry Garbrick and Mr. and Mrs Edward Nolan, at Coleville, left Monday morning for their home, after a very pleasant visit.

Lieut. George B. Thompson has resigned as an officer of the Boal Mounted Gun Troop, at Boalsburg. His successor has been elected by the troop but has not been confirmed by the department at Harrisburg. The troop is in readiness to answer a call at any time.

Ralph Huffman, of Williamsport, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday on his motorcycle and stopped off with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Spigelmyer. He was on his way to State College to take the military examination so that he could go to the front in some capacity.

Recently R. D. Bigelow, the treasurer of the Centre Council Royal Arcanum of Philipsburg, delivered to Mrs. Ellen J. Hoffer a check for $3,000, the amount of insurance carried in the organization by her husband, the late C. U. Hoffer. The pay of this was very prompt work in view of the fact that Mr. Hoffer had only been dead two week.

Harold Ward, one of the efficient instructors in the public schools of Huntingdon, came to Bellefonte Friday evening and remained until Sunday. On Saturday he and his father, Dr. J. E. Ward, were entertained at the Pioneer Club at State College. They had a very pleasant time, as Harold is a member of that fraternity which is among the best at the institution.

Three cheers for the flag that waves from the top of the Pennsylvania Match Factory, Bellefonte, It went up about as quietly as at the building of Solomon's temple when not a sound of a hammer was heard. There were no outward demonstration when it was raised to the breeze but nevertheless it reveals a true patriotic spirit of the managers. Just below its colors waves the French flag.

Russel Smith, son of W. H. Smith, manager of the United Telephone and Telegraph exchange in Bellefonte, spent Sunday with his grandmother at Centre Hall. He has been farming for his father near Milesburg and has gotten to be quite a practical farmer. About three weeks ago he joined Troop L and just as soon as this body of troopers are called out he will go to defend the nation's flag.

Since the automobile has come to stay the livery business practically is a thing of the past and it would be difficult to give a livery stable away if the man to whom it was given had to keep it up. For this reason "Billy" Larimer, the Bellefonte horseman, is being called all over the state to close out stables Monday he went to Altoona to close out Duke's livery. He is one of the best men in the state at a job of that kind, and therefore his services are in great demand.

Dr. J. C. Helfrich who has been in Philadelphia several months taking an extra course relative to his profession, surprised his many friends in Bellefonte Friday morning by jumping off the train. He is the same old "Doc" always bright and cheerful even if he is seriously thinking of going across the big pond to help put Germany off the map. Should he go to France he will go with the medcal corps and says he isn't afraid of the U-boats. He left again on Sunday in his Grant car. At Bellefonte he was joined by Raymond Jenkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jenkins, formerly of Bellefonte, and they together proceeded to the city of Brotherly Love. They only live a short distance apart in the city and thus often see each other. Dr. Helfrich expects to be back in Bellefonte before he sails. His friends here are always glad to see him.

Mrs. James P. Irvin, of Snow Shoe, was in Bellefonte Saturday doing some shopping.

Headquarters for Victor Talking Machines, Records, and Supplies. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. Campbell and Miss Ellen Rook, of Williamsport, spent Monday in Bellefonte as the guests of Miss Sallie Fitzgerald, on Spring street.

Mrs. Edward Struble left Bellefonte Tuesday morning for Akron, Ohio. She was called there by the serious illness of her son Willis Struble, who is threatened with pneumonia.

Mrs. John G. Love who had been visiting friends and relatives in Tyrone, returned to Bellefonte Tuesday morning and opened up her residence on east Linn street for the summer.

Last week Ross Hickok and a number of friends arrived in Bellefonte in a large touring car. They stopped at the Mrs. D. H Hastings' home and came here on a fishing expedition.

Monday "Billy" Garman was running around Bellefonte with his overcoat buttoned up to his ears. He thinks this has been an awfully cool May. Why, May 1896, was colder than this May and ice was frozen Decoration Day. Yes, that's true.

Prof. Albert B. Orr, principal of the Snow Shoe High School, was a visitor in town on Sunday, coming here especially to hear Bishop Hamilton, a fellow alumnus of Mt. Union preach in the Methodist church. He was much concerned to learn of the Bishop's illness.

Some time ago a young man in Bellefonte said the guards at the Titan Metal Co., near Milesburg, were not on their job. That might have been true because the guards were local men and would not enforce the law as strictly as otherwise, but let him try to get through now he'll find State guards there who must know the business of everybody who attempts to go to the works.

There are few towns in Pennsylvania which can boast of having more aged gentlemen than just Bellefonte—men who are able to get around with considerable vigor. On the 29th of this month S. A. McQuistion will round out his 87th year. He is still active and is seen on the street every day. He is a wagon and carriage maker by trade and if it came down to the pinch there is hardly any question but what he could take the bench again and "chisel out" a pretty good "rigging."

"Jack" Lane, the dyer at the Bellefonte Basket Shop, is kept busy on the road selling baskets. Friday he came in from a trip in order to attend the funeral of Father McArdle Saturday morning. He remained in Bellefonte over Sunday and Monday left for a trip to Detroit, Mich., and probably going also to Chicago. He understands the business and is selling a large number of baskets which are pronounced the best in the world. He may be caught in the conscript before he reaches his final destination.

Friday Capt. Pierre Boal, of Boalsburg, left for New York City where he met Miss Cecille de Lagarde, who arrived on a boat direct from France and the firing line. She represents the American Red Cross in that field of war activites, and on account of her health has come to the states for rest from her arduous duties. They arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening and were met at the train by Capt. Theodore Boal and several escorts from the Boal Machine Gun Troop. From here they went to Boalsburg.

On Sabbath morning Miss Margaret Cook, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, of this place, appeared before the Bellefonte Presbyterian Sabbath School and made a strong and interesting plea for the starving children of Belgium. She is a very pleasing and forcible speaker and those who heard her were impressed with the thought that something ought to be done to relieve the distress and suffering of a country that probably saved the world from an even greater calmanity than it is now passing through. $12 will keep alive one child for a year.

R. A. Cassidy and wife, of Canton, Ohio, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening and became guests of their son W. C. Cassidy, in Petriken Hall. They are always welcome guests in Bellefonte as everybody knows "Bob" Cassidy. It is in Bellefonte where he got his start and where he will have a hankering after the balance of his days. Many of his friends here have passed over the great divide but there are enough remaining to still make his visits here enjoyable. He was one of the speakers at the Methodist Centennial Monday night and his reminiscences of local Methodism was both entertaining and instructive.

Mrs. M. C. Barry, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon and seeking a good place to go dropped into our sanctum, and although she had paid ahead she advanced her subscription another "notch." While here she has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. David Haines, and her many other friends. On April 28th her brother, James Curry, died at Roaring Springs from tuberculosis. He was 66 years of age and was born at Graysville, Huntingdon county. Besides Mrs. Barry he is survived by two sisters; Mrs. T. S. Gorman, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Hannibal Mo. She attended the funeral.

See us before you see anybody else for shoes. We know we can save you money. Cohen & Co.

Richard Hoffer, son of the late C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, and grandson, of C. T. Gerberich, of Bellefonte, left Sunday for the reserve officers training camp at Madison Barracks, N. Y.

The other afternoon a representative of The Republican visited the manual training department of the Bellefonte High school which is under the careful management of Prof. Harry C. Menold. We found a number of young men busy as bees making all kinds of furniture such as sitting room tables, desks, piano stools and many other interesting articles. They make these from drawings and blue-prints which shows the boys are being well trained along this line. The furniture is well put together and nicely finished.

Wednesday of last week L. H. Musser, L. H. Gettig, Joseph Thomas, of Bellefonte, and John Spearly, of Benner township, left for Alma, Mich., where L. H. Musser purchased a Yale-8 touring car and four Republic trucks. On last Thursday they started back and Sunday afternoon Messrs. Musser and Gettig arrived in Bellefonte in the Yale car which is a beauty. The other drivers had to travel a little slower and are expected here today. The distance traveled was 683 miles. One of the trucks is for George Gamble, the Bellefonte miller, and the other is for Lauderbach.

James H. Potter, an elder in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, left Monday afternoon for Dallas, Texas, where he will represent the Huntingdon Presbytery at the General Assembly which meets in that city from the 18th to the 28th of May. At Altoona he met a special Pullman train consisting of chair, dining and sleeping cars. From there he proceeded south. The train left New York City at 10 o'clock Monday morning and by the time it reached its destination on Wednesday it contained eight hundred delegates. To be a member of this august body of ministers and laymen is quite an honor.

Daniel Hutchinson, of Kane, nephew of ticket agent Harry Hutchinson, of Bellefonte, was at State College last week for the purpose of taking the examination for reserve officer. It seems that every company in the State is entitled to so many applications for this department and each applicant must receive the endorsement of the captain of the company to which he belongs. Mr. Hutchinson didn't know about this and of course didn't apply for examination. He could have secured the very best testimonials as when the company from Kane was at the Mexican border he received several well merited promotions. He'll try again.

The piano recital given by Miss Mary Mott in Garman's opera house Monday evening received the endorsement of those present. It was extra fine.

Our price on clothing for men is the same as last year. No advance. Cohen & Co.

RUBIN & RUBIN

EYE SPECIALISTS

Will be here Tuesday

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's leading eye specialists, will be at Mott's Drug Store, Bellefonte, Pa., Tuesday and Wednesday May 22nd, & 23rd., for two days only. Anyone needing glasses or having trouble with their eyes are advised to call and see these good eye specialists during their stay in Bellefonte. They will make no charge to examine your eyes and if glasses are not needed they will tell you so. Mr. Rubin will have the very latest in glasses showing the new shell spectacle and nose glasses that are being worn in the city. They also make to order the New Kryptok lenses, two pair of glasses ground into one for seeing far and near at the same time. The new toric lenses the ones that are hollowed out and make such a fine appearance are also shown by these good eye specialists. As they have been coming to Bellefonte for five years and have fitted up hundreds of your friends, you need not have any hesitancy in coming in to see them. Remember they make no charge to examine your eyes and fit you with glasses as low as $1.00. Come into see them at MOTT'S DRUG STORE, Bellefonte, Pa., Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22nd, 23rd, and don't let anything keep you from seeing Mr. Rubin while you have a chance. It will mean a great deal to you.

Victor and Columbia Machines Cleaned and Repaired.

Every Machine should be cleaned and reoiled at least twice a year, to have perfect results, and preserve the life of the machine. Work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

FRED BRYAN
Com. Phone. Bellefonte, Pa.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

—"and here's your Ætna check"

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Ætna check for $250 every four weeks.

I've had some siege of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Knew, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the $15,000 they'd get, in indemnity and increases, from my ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks $200 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then $25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

ÆTNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you—and I wanted to do the right thing by Sue and the kids. Besides, it costs so little. Write, call or 'phone today.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.
Snow Shoe, Pa.

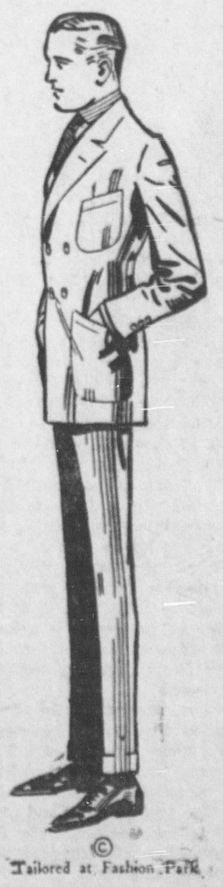
REMEMBER!

It is the desire of this store to serve you to perfection. When you purchase here you get dollar for dollar value, and when you just look and don't purchase you get courtesy in its nicest and fullest degree.

TODAY

we present a distinguished Norfolk, the Portland. It is the favorite with men who feel that unless they pay a fortune for a garment it can't be good or desirable in style. The price of the Portland is $10.00 or $25.00 which is far from a fortune, but the style, the tailoring and the character are above reproach.

Tailored at Fashion Park.



© Tailored at Fashion Park

The Fashion Park Agents.

Montgomery & Co.

BELLEFONTE - - STATE COLLEGE